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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

WE have now before us the official text of the preliminaries of peace concluded between Austria and Prussia on the one hand, and Denmark on the other. This adds little to the information we had previously received through the medium of the telegraph. But undoubtedly the details do not in any degree soften the harshness of the substantial terms which have been exacted from the weaker and defeated Power. The arrangement by which Denmark surrenders portions of Jutland, in exchange for a so-called equivalent carved out of Schleswig, is more disadvantageous to the Northern Power than we had hoped might prove to be the case. Nor can there be any save one opinion as to the determination which Austria and Prussia have shown to exact the full pound of flesh from their victim, by stipulating that whatever troops they may choose to retain in Jutland, until the signature of the final treaty of peace, shall be fed and lodged at the expense of that unhappy province. It would only have been a little decent if, after taking so much territory, they had shown a slight amount of generosity in the matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. But magnanimity seems to be a virtue unknown at Berlin and Vienna. Having robbed their enemy of his estate, the German Powers are not satisfied until they have picked his pocket also. But it is of no use to dwell upon this matter. All is over, so far as Denmark is concerned; the interesting question remains, as to the mode in which the spoils are to be appropriated. It is clear enough from the miserably abortive meeting, held a few days since at Kiel, that Prussia is already trying to set on foot in Schleswig-Holstein a movement for the annexation of the Duchies to her own dominions. But it is not surprising to find that the people of these provinces are by no means penetrated by an ardent desire for such an arrangement. If, however, M. von Bismarck cannot obtain popular support, he is just the man to do without it. On one point it is understood that both he and the Austrian statesman have made up their minds—that the Diet shall have no voice in determining the destination of conquests which were made in its name. In ordinary life, we should give a very hard name to the conduct of an agent who obtained possession of property on behalf of his principal and then coolly appropriated it to his own use. But it would be absurd to cast in the teeth of Austria and Prussia reproaches founded on a breach of that common honesty which they discarded at a very early stage of the recent transactions. We may take it for granted that they will do what seems best for their own interests, without regard to any considerations which are not supported by an army in the field. That Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony and the other small states, which are now fretting,

fuming, protesting, and threatening all kinds of motions in the Diet, will appeal to force in defence of their right to a voice in disposing of the plunder of Denmark, we do not for an instant believe. In spite of angry talk and elaborate despatches, their troops will before long be civilly, or uncivilly, ejected even from Holstein; and then we may possibly be told what Austria and Prussia have decided upon. Or it may suit those Powers to conceal their private arrangements for a time; and in that case we have little doubt that Europe, which has already carried its forbearance so far, will carry it a little farther, and abstain from making any unpleasant inquiries on the subject. Nothing seems left for us but the exercise of a rather ignominious patience. Our only consolation must be that England has already in this unhappy business lost as much in character and influence as she well can do.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon has just made, or allowed his Ministers to make, one of those extraordinary blunders, which checker from time to time his generally sagacious rule. It is bad enough to disinter an obnoxious law of Louis Philippe's reign and use it in defiance of public opinion to crush a knot of political opponents; it is worse to strain that law so palpably as to apply to a meeting of thirteen persons provisions distinctly limited to a meeting of twenty; but it is worst of all to attack with such a weapon and by such means a society or committee against which the official prosecutor dared not even venture to insinuate that its members had any dangerous principles, harboured any revolutionary designs, or had any other object whatever than their declared one of consulting together upon electioneering business. To Frenchmen, such a step amounts to nothing less than a distinct intimation, that although the Emperor may think fit to rule with the forms of Representative Government, he is determined to tolerate nothing of its substance. To foreigners it must bear the aspect of a confession of weakness which one would think that any Government would shrink from making, except under the strongest stress of necessity. It is difficult to believe that Louis Napoleon's throne is or can be in any danger from the meetings of M. Garnier Pagès and his friends. If it be, all that need be said is, that such a fact constitutes the strongest possible condemnation of a Government which in twelve years of rule has failed so signally to conciliate the attachment of its subjects. But if it be not, it is an act of gross oppression, which must tend to bring about the very evil which it is professedly intended to avert. How can it be expected that the "ancient parties," which are the constant objects of Imperialist diatribes, will die out, or that the nation will rally unanimously round the throne, when the sovereign takes such pains to keep alive the opinion that his sway is inconsistent with the most

moderate allowance of liberty, and is totally unsupported by public opinion? So long as such strokes of power as these continue to be made, the dynasty must remain the mere representative of a party; and a considerable and probably growing section of the population will look forward to the death of the present ruler as the time when they may hope to enter upon the enjoyment of their long-withheld rights. Unless the present Emperor can solve during his life-time the problem of reconciling liberty with order, there is no security that the cycle of revolutions in France is closed. But that cannot be done until the long-deferred "crowning of the edifice" takes place; and, it is obvious, from the recent prosecutions, that the Emperor regards the time for that operation as still perilously distant.

The Premier has met from the people of Bradford a more enthusiastic reception than even his most ardent admirers ventured to anticipate. There had been murmurs of discontent on the part of the unenfranchised. A town councillor or two had opposed the adoption of an address to his lordship from the corporation, on the ground that he was not sufficiently identified with trade. A small body of working-men had held a meeting, and had recommended their fellows to receive the noble lord with dignified silence. There were, under these circumstances, some apprehensions lest all might not go so smoothly as became the occasion. But such misgivings were not verified. The warm-hearted Yorkshiremen crowded the streets of Bradford in order to see and greet the veteran Premier, and cheered him as only Yorkshiremen can cheer. His visit was a triumphant success; it could not have been more so if he had saved Denmark instead of deserting her. We cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that the people of this manufacturing district trouble their heads little about such matters as the honour and influence of England. Their demonstration can hardly be accepted in any other way than as an expression of satisfaction with the recent foreign policy of the Government, whose hands it will, to a certain extent, have the effect of strengthening. Thus far at least it possesses political significance—that it keeps alive and refreshes that *prestige* and popularity of the Premier which is the main strength of his Cabinet. Apart from this, there was little in the proceedings worthy of comment. The Bradford people told the Minister how comfortable and thriving they were, and how devoutly they trusted he would allow nothing to interfere with their money-making. The Minister naturally replied that he was glad to see them so well to do in the world, and adroitly seized the opportunity of making a little capital out of their prosperity for himself and his political friends. Having got the conversation on this agreeable footing of mutual self-congratulation, Lord Palmerston was too good a tactician not to keep it there. We have heard, again and again, all that he had to say on the well-worn topics of free-trade and treaties of commerce. But his lordship is not troubled with any anxiety to say a new thing when he knows that an old one will do as well or better. Experience has shown him that an English audience is never more easily pleased than by a demonstration of their infinite superiority as politicians to the benighted Continentals. So he assured them and re-assured them on this point amidst the most boisterous applause; he was genial and jocular, as is his wont—and the end of it was that he and the Bradfordians parted from each other on the very best of terms. It is not surprising that his lordship should entertain the belief that he has in himself an all-sufficient and perennial spring of popularity, and that it is quite needless to trouble his mind about such things as measures and a policy.

It is only befitting that the people of Ireland should raise a statue to O'Connell. Nor do we in England feel either resentment or jealousy at such a recognition of his services. If it be true that the evil men do dies with them, but that the good they do lives after them, it must be both wise and just to remember the best part of a man's career, and let the worst be quietly forgotten. Though O'Connell spent the last years of his life in illusory agitation—in raising hopes that he must have known could never be fulfilled—in exciting Irishmen against Englishmen, and embittering Englishmen against Irishmen—in playing the demagogue's worst part for the demagogue's most selfish ends—still the fact remains, that he did for his country in his earlier and better days a work of priceless value and enduring efficacy. Nay, he did it for us too; for, in forcing Catholic Emancipation from a bigoted Ministry and a Tory

Parliament, he not only obtained for his co-religionists political rights and a political existence, but consolidated the union of the empire, and rendered Repeal an impracticable project. Irishmen may well regard his memory with gratitude, and Englishmen with indulgence. He had great faults, but he had splendid powers. He did much that was ill, but he did much that was good. If statues were reserved for perfect men, or even for spotless patriots, little could be said on his behalf; but if it be well to commemorate those who have left their mark upon the history of their country, and of whom it may be said broadly that it is well they have lived, we ought not to grudge the Liberator that tardy recognition which his successful labours on their behalf have just received from the Catholics of Ireland.

Both sides claim the victory in the great battle which was fought before Atlanta on the 22nd ult.; but we have little hesitation in coming to the conclusion that it rested with the Confederates. In the first place, we have, through Richmond, a detailed official report from General Hood, asserting that he took 2,000 prisoners and several cannon; and experience has led us to place considerable reliance on the statements of the Confederate commanders. On the other hand, although we have newspaper correspondence from Sherman's army, we have no official report from the general himself—a circumstance of the most suspicious character, and one which had naturally excited serious misgivings at New York. But more than this—it is asserted by the Confederates, and admitted by the Federals, that Hardee, who commands a corps in Hood's army, is operating in the rear of Sherman. This seems decisive upon the point, because it is certain that the Southern general would not have been allowed to gain such a position if his antagonist could have prevented him; and it is equally certain that Hood could not have ventured thus to detach a portion of his forces unless he had felt confident in his ability to hold the fortifications of Atlanta with the remainder. But, if this be so, that place should be in little danger. For, although the battle of the 22nd was no doubt one of an indecisive character, the reinforcements despatched by Lee must then have been rapidly approaching their destination, and could hardly fail to arrive in sufficient time to prevent so serious a catastrophe as the fall of Atlanta would unquestionably be for the South. The accounts which we have received of the operations of Grant's and Lee's armies are too scanty to enable us to arrive at any sound conclusion as to what has taken place. They do not even agree as to which commander made the first move. The probability would rather seem to be that Grant has abandoned the siege of Petersburg, and has resolved to try his fortune once more on the north side of the James River. His leading divisions were most likely attacked by an inferior force of Confederates, and over them some slight advantage may have been gained. We may be sure, however, that any engagement which has taken place was not of a serious character, seeing that the Federals claim to have taken only fifty prisoners. Lee must be well assured of his power to hold Grant in check, for, if Northern apprehensions have not much magnified the danger, a very large Confederate force has again entered Pennsylvania. The presence of such a body of troops in this quarter speaks volumes as to the real state of things in the neighbourhood of Richmond, for General Lee is the last man in the world to waste on mere raids or diversions strength which he requires for more important purposes, or to allow any part of his army to escape from his grasp, if he thought there was the least reason to anticipate an occasion for its services nearer home.

Having failed to procure from the banks of New York the funds of which he stands sorely in need, Mr. Fessenden is now appealing to the Northern people for a loan. As the slightest consideration must show that the terms he proposes are not commercially advantageous, he throws himself upon the patriotism of his fellow-citizens, and begs them for once to forget the almighty dollar, and lose sight of the rate per cent. "This is not," he urges, "a time for any lover of his country to inquire as to the state of the money market, or to ask whether he can so invest his capital as to yield him a better return." We do not imagine, however, that Mr. Fessenden will find this kind of argument very successful with the moneyed class of the North. Their notion of war is, that of something to be carried on for a profit, in the way of good contracts and other pickings. We have as yet seen no indication of a disposition to pay for it out of their easily, and not

very cleanly, earned gains. Mr. Fessenden is not likely to be more successful in wringing money than Mr. Stanton has been in raising men, by appealing to Federal patriotism.

ELECTORAL LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

No license of the Imperial Government in France is so distasteful in the eyes of an Englishman as the right claimed by it to interfere as it pleases in the French elections. Some time ago we called attention to some strange revelations of Government intrigue, which lay embedded in the reports of the various committees of the legislative body. It appeared from the facts therein disclosed that universal suffrage is simply an instrument upon which Imperial agents play to secure the return of Imperial nominees. Bribery would be a minor offence. Far graver means are habitually adopted when the object is to crush an obnoxious candidate, or to discourage independent voting. The official journals, so far from repudiating the notion of interference with the principle of free election, positively dare to justify it within certain limits. France is told that it is the duty of an enlightened executive to enlighten the judgment of electors; and under this plausible fallacy electoral enormities find shelter, of which it is not too much to say that they have been unknown in England for centuries. This week we have another flagrant proof of the determination of the authorities in France to secure the mastery over the Legislative Assembly. Some of the most eminent politicians in Paris have been prosecuted and condemned for a so-called violation of the law which consisted in forming a small electoral committee with the view of advancing the Liberal cause. It is never safe to pronounce decidedly upon a point of foreign municipal law; yet, if the opinion of the ablest French lawyers be not biassed by political predilections, it may be asserted on their authority that to effect this miserable triumph the law has been stretched. To bring the accused within the penal operation of the code, it was imperatively necessary that the Electoral Association to which the accused belonged was composed of more than twenty members. To an English eye it by no means seems clear that the interpretation for which the Procureur Imperial contended is not warranted by the letter of the law of 1834. But the view of the leaders of the French bar is diametrically the reverse. Nor, under the Second Empire, can the judges be taken to be altogether immaculate. Their decisions are, with reason, suspected of reactionary "proclivities" by the public at large. Nor is there any common bond of interest or sympathy between the French judge and the French advocate. Each serve a different master; the training and education of each is different; and each doubtless reads restrictive enactments from his own point of view.

Whatever the legal value of the decision of the Court, there can scarcely be two opinions as to the conduct of the Executive. The inculpated persons bore illustrious names, and were almost, without exception, men of dignity and distinction. In the dead of night they had suddenly been made the subjects of a domiciliary visit from the police; their private papers of every description were seized and carried off without the shadow of any serious excuse; letters on family business, letters from wives and daughters, letters from personal friends—all were rudely and greedily overhauled by the agents of the law. Nothing was found in the search beyond that which was patent from the beginning, and which never was denied—that the accused had been incorporated in the committee to which they avowedly belonged. Assuming the illegality of this connection, which is the matter in dispute, it is evident that the Government have been harsh and violent in their measures. All Paris has already condemned the insult offered to men of the calibre of M. Garnier Pagès. The odium attaching to these arbitrary proceedings is such that the question is asked over and over again, how is it that the French Emperor—who is a man of prudence, if not of generous instincts—allows these enormities to be perpetrated in his name? The truth, in all probability, is that he silently disapproves of them. But the Emperor is compelled by the necessities of his position to wink at many measures which he dislikes. He cannot be continually throwing overboard his zealous friends and adherents. He has not many personal friends whom he can trust. He cannot afford to offend the few he possesses, by declining to back them against his avowed opponents. If he were to do so, he would fall between two stools. The Liberal Opposition he never can expect to conciliate. Between them and his Government there is a gulf which the last ten years have rendered impassable. Nor, on the other hand, can he do without the clique that are devoted

servants of his cause. His only possible policy is to endorse their measures, while, as far as he can, he endeavours to moderate their dangerous zeal.

Nor must it be forgotten that France at large cares comparatively little for the Imperial restrictions that seem so intolerable to an educated minority. France is entering on a phase of material and commercial development. The nation has no keen sympathy with the literary and professional classes, which aspire to the honours and pleasures of Parliamentary Government. It does not object to seeing their humiliation, provided nothing is done by the Emperor to wound the democratic self-love of the people. In striking at journalists and barristers, Napoleon III. is striking men who are already "down." On the whole, the Emperor has more hold on the imagination of the country than the leading pamphleteers, or the leading writers in the Paris press. Doctrinaire politicians, for the moment, are at a discount. France is tired of them, for the same reason that Athens grew tired of Aristides. Louis Napoleon is aware of the temporary advantage this anti-literary reaction gives him, and it suits his book to use it. He gains more by a democratic manifesto, or by dancing a quadrille *vis-à-vis* to a couple of sturdy peasants, than he loses by outraging M. Berryer, M. Montalambert, or M. Garnier Pagès. The hour will undoubtedly arrive when the current of popular feeling will take a more healthy direction, but that hour is not yet.

HEAVY GUNS, STEEL SHOT, AND IRON ARMOUR.

THE "Battle of the Guns," and the ordnance experiments in the Essex marshes, are anxiously watched by artillery officers all over the world. The "long vacation" having arrived at Shoeburyness, the moment is not unsuitable for reviewing the progress that has been made. The experiments have been costly, but the improvements effected by various inventors in guns, shot, shell, and targets, have been most valuable. If war broke out to-morrow, the money spent at Shoeburyness would be returned a hundredfold. The old landmarks have been broken up; the science and theory of gunnery have been revolutionized; ideas destined to bear rich fruit are germinating in the brains of our mechanicians and artillerymen.

This is not the place for entering into the controversy between the Armstrong and Whitworth guns. It is asserted that the best gunners at Shoeburyness and Woolwich prefer the Armstrong gun, but that the Committee is to some extent "packed," and will probably decide in favour of the Whitworth gun. While the trial between these two guns has been going on, the Admiralty are said to be convinced that they have a better gun than either. This gun, made on the Lancaster principle, is now in course of construction at Woolwich, and will doubtless be heard of in due time. Meanwhile, the practice made by the large Armstrongs at 1,500 yards is beautiful, and may be cited as showing the accuracy of fire attained by rifled guns in comparison with smooth-bores. Shot after shot are lodged within an area of a few square feet—not to say inches. This accuracy of fire will enable a skilfully-fought ship to feel for the water-line of an adversary as a dentist probes for the tender part of a carious tooth. *La Gloire* target last week, after it had been struck by the 10½-inch gun, enabled the spectators to calculate the effect of a 300-pounder steel shot about a foot below the water-line. Great beams behind the 6-inch armour-plates were knocked into a mass of splinters. It would be impossible to cut away the riven oak and teak so as to plug the hole, and one or two such shots would probably sink the largest ship. We know how 68-pounders go through our wooden ships. But a French naval captain, after a visit to Shoeburyness, would infinitely prefer to fight a wooden ship against 68-pounders than *La Gloire* against Sir W. Armstrong's 200-pounder shunt gun, unless he were provided with similar ordnance. The steel shot go clear through everything. The splinters would kill far more than the shot; and the hole is so large, and the rush of water would be so difficult to stop, that it would need half the crew at the pumps to keep the ship afloat. The armour has increased in thickness, tenacity, and power of resistance. But the guns have more than proportionately increased in power and destructiveness, and those naval men who have trusted in armour-plating are even as those whom the Psalmist describes as having vain-gloriously trusted "in chariots and in horses."

The improvement in projectiles has fully kept pace with the progress of rifled ordnance. The armour-plating would, perhaps, more than hold its own against the large guns, heavy and powerful as they are, but for the substitution of steel or chilled iron in

the place of the ordinary cast-iron. The steel or chilled iron went through the side of *La Gloire* as easily as a pistol-shot would go through a hat-box. But at 1,500 yards' distance there is reason to believe a cast-iron shot would break up like glass at the side of the iron-clad, and leave only a deep indentation to show where it had struck. A heavy steel bolt showed a surplussage of penetration and activity. It went through *La Gloire's* armour-plating and the massive timber behind, and then impinged upon a rib of Scott Russell's target in the rear. Its course was deflected, and it flew up many hundred yards in the air. Here it made a summersault and fell upon the beach with the force of a thunderbolt. Yet it was very little injured. Several of the copper studs remained intact, and it might almost have been fired again out of the same gun for any injury it had received. Such a bolt is very expensive, and if steel is to take the place of cast-iron shot, a naval war will be frightfully costly. Steel shells are as much required as solid shot, and war will more than ever become an affair of the purse. Captain Palliser's chilled shot, cast in cold iron moulds, which give a steel-like hardness to the outer surface, promises to give us an iron shot nearly as good as steel, and very much cheaper. But the chilled shot now and then breaks up into fragments as it leaves the gun, and its cost, when made on a large scale, has yet to be ascertained.

Last of all, the targets have immeasurably improved. Four years ago the shot flew off the targets like peas from plate-glass. But although the cast-iron shot failed to penetrate the plates, it cracked and fractured the iron in all directions wherever it struck. The plates of the Millwall Company, tried last week, and of John Brown & Co., of Sheffield, seldom exhibit a crack or fracture under the heaviest firing. The iron has some of the best qualities of copper, and exhibited marks of fusion at the point of impact. Perhaps the metal was, if anything, too soft, but, however close the shot holes, not a crack or sign of fracture was visible. The French iron-sides were thus tried under the most favourable conditions, for the French plates, being of inferior iron, would have cracked and split in all directions under the fire of the 150-pounder and 200-pounder. The *Times* correspondent, in his able and interesting account of the late experiments at Shoeburyness, states that the French Government are procuring the greater part of their plate-armour from this country, and that they are "using every endeavour to get our best plate workmen also." It is consolatory to know that we have the best armour-plating in the world, and that to riddle our *Warriors* and *Lord Wardens* our foes must have the heaviest ordnance, and steel shot and shell.

We wish to add our testimony to that of the *Times* in favour of the French system of small plates fastened with screws in ships which carry a wooden frame behind the armour. The iron plates in our wooden armour-cased ships are fastened by bolts which break under shot. Sometimes the plate falls bodily off; oftener, it buckles up at the ends. The Continental plan is to use small plates instead of large, and screws instead of bolts. The bolts are plentifully used; one or two were struck and carried away by every shot, and others were to be traced within an inch or two of the hole made by the shot. But the screws brought over from France for the Shoeburyness experiments were as perfect in temper as their plates are inferior. They bent and were twisted into all sorts of shapes, but exhibited no more signs of fracture than the Millwall wrought-iron plates. They neither loosened their hold nor showed symptoms of yielding in any way. Of course, screws cannot be used without a sufficient depth of timber behind the armour-plating. They are better than bolts where there is wood-backing. But then comes the larger question—Ought a ship of war to be of wood plated with armour, or should she be of iron, pure and simple?

A glance at the inside of *La Gloire* target last week was enough to convince the Admiralty of the folly of building wooden ships, in order to coat them with iron mail. The Admiralty have been warned against building wooden ships, in the face of the devastation caused by modern artillery. They have, however, persisted in building the *Prince Consort*, the *Royal Sovereign*, &c., in this manner, and the first steel bolt from a heavy gun will carry as much ruin and death, in the shape of flying splinters, as the bursting of a shell. The *Times* correspondent suggests that the wooden scantling should be lined with an inner iron skin, to protect the crew from splinters. This recommendation is worthy the attention of the Admiralty. But the splinters cause a new danger—the danger of fire. The steel shot had knocked the wooden backing on Thursday into such a heap of matchwood and firewood, that when it was proposed to fire a shell against the target a fatigue party of artillerymen were sent to remove the broken wood and

splinters, for fear the timbers should ignite. A shell, following a few steel shot into an enemy's hull, would infallibly set on fire the smashed-up timber of the ship's side, and how it would burn only those who saw *La Gloire* target can imagine.

The thickest plated sea-going vessels that can float are vulnerable to Sir W. Armstrong's 150 and 220-pounders. What, then, may not be expected from his 600-pounder, which remains uninjured after nearly firing its 150 proof rounds? It is to be tried against a floating *Warrior* target, with 2,000 yards' range. These heavy guns will make the next naval war a chequered story of disaster, as well as success. A well-directed or chance shot may sink or disable the best ship at the commencement of an engagement. So irresistible is the power of heavy ordnance and elongated projectiles, that apprehensions are expressed as to their effect upon the motive machinery of Captain Coles's cupolas. It has been suggested that before we build any more *Royal Sovereign* turret-ships, it would not be amiss to fire at one of the cupolas with the Armstrongs used against *La Gloire* target. We should then know the injuries to which the revolving round box would be liable in actual warfare. It is probable that a single well-aimed blow would render a cupola useless and unworkable.

It is quite certain that foreign Governments will speedily provide themselves with our heaviest ordnance and our best shot and shell, and that against these projectiles our best armour-casing will avail us nothing. Whatever rifled gun her Majesty's Government adopt, there will be two or three others so nearly equal to it in power and precision that foreign countries will, gun for gun and shot for shot, encounter us on terms of comparative equality. Our sea-going ships will be penetrable by steel bolts and steel-headed shells, and our sailors must "still be ready to give and take." Inasmuch, however, as our annual yield of iron has doubled within the last twelve years, and as the produce of the British islands is about equal to that of all other countries put together, we enjoy as many advantages in the possession of the raw material as in the scientific skill of our inventors, and the bravery of our soldiers and sailors.

HAYMARKET ATTORNEYS.

SCANDALOUS histories have at last become part of the food with which the daily journals regale their subscribers; and every morning the columns of the *Times* and its contemporaries present us in "sensational" detail with the course of some disreputable intrigue or some low amour. The law courts are the fountain from which this savoury current flows. Sometimes it is a tale of married infidelity, beginning in a gondola or a garden, and ending before Sir James Wilde and a stern but interested British jury. Quite as often it is some action brought by a woman or her friends against either the author or the victim of her profligate habits. The Haymarket closes, certainly, amid the plaudits of all respectable people, at one o'clock at night, thanks to the legislative measure of the last session; but the Haymarket opens again the next morning in the daily papers with consistent regularity; and we find it in full swing in the newspapers that await us on our breakfast-tables. When Anonyma is not driving in the park, or flaunting in Regent-street, she is prosecuting somebody for a breach of promise of marriage—if for nothing worse—and producing her elegant correspondence, describing her amatory interviews, and tracing the narrative of her virtuous existence from its decadence downwards. The newspaper reporters would be ill discharging their duty to their employers if they omitted the points made, or the excitement caused at Nisi Prius by the scene. There are full descriptions of dress, manners, and features, of the ejaculations of the counsel, of the points of law taken at the trial, of the wit of the cross-examination, and the laughter of the audience. Sometimes we are told, with a delicacy that almost appears supernatural, that public decorum requires a veil to be thrown over portions of the evidence, which are not given, accordingly, in full. Public decorum is a singular name to invoke upon the occasion: it has been so deeply outraged by the publication of the body of the proceedings that it can hardly be outraged more. What crime is there so hideous as not to find invariably its historiographer even in the most reputable papers? What phase of life is there of which we have not learnt the minutest incidents, even from the *Times*? We know not merely what people in high and low life do, but how they are led to do it, and what the scene resembles while it is being enacted. The argument in favour of publicity is, if necessary, summoned to do duty whenever objection is taken to the anecdotes and biographies that are brought to us fresh

from the halls of justice. The public interest demands that profligacy shall be followed—so we are informed—by complete exposure. Beyond all question there is some force in the observation. A serious and offended moralist might, however, with truth remark, that the exposure of the offender is a different thing from the scenic delineation of the offence. There is something rotten in the state of English journalism when gentlemen can rarely feel justified in leaving the daily papers in their drawing-room for the perusal of their children and their servants. The evil is increasing, and the worst of it is that there seems to be no remedy. It is the fashion to inveigh against the French novelists of the day. For the most part, with some few exceptions, the French novelists are not admirable specimens of literary humanity. But it is quite certain that French novelists are less piquant and more dreary than the reporters—let us say—of the *Times* newspaper.

The theory of exposure has other drawbacks besides the inconvenience which it causes every day to public decency. To the criminal, exposure is often, though not always, a severe punishment. Whether the frequency of the spectacle may not in time detract greatly from its terrors remains to be seen in the long-run. But exposure has one evil that follows habitually in its train—namely, extortion. It is to be feared that cases of extortion, either successful or attempted, are becoming a fruitful consequence of these public and ostentatious histories of vice with which we are regularly favoured. There is, in particular, one sort of unholy alliance that is becoming rife. This is the alliance between women of little substance and no character, and a worthless class of attorneys. The Haymarket attorney is fast growing into a national institution. He is the instrument by the kindly help of which women coin their frailty and degradation into current coin. Accompanied by her confidential lawyer, and armed with the threat of exposure, the wickedest of her sex sallies forth in search of masculine prey. She has not to hunt long in vain. Somebody soon falls into the net; a foolish officer, a drunken squire, or perhaps some still more valuable captive, who has either a reputation to lose or a purse to be squeezed. Before very many weeks the writ is served, the action brought, and notice given of immediate trial. The defendant, it may be, is innocent of anything beyond folly, and, it may be, is even innocent of this. But only a bold man cares, under such circumstances, to face his friends in the columns of a newspaper, even if he is not afraid of facing the chances of the law, and the crotchets of twelve English jurymen. He will have to endure, on the spot, a tirade directed against him by an experienced advocate, and very possibly the sneers of a sceptical circle of acquaintances during the remainder of his life. Dirt seldom is flung but some of it sticks. On the one side is the possibility of being bespattered; on the other is the Haymarket attorney smilingly proffering a compromise. Nor, indeed, is it merely the fear of publicity that operates in such circumstances upon the mind; there is the serious and momentous question of expense. The plaintiff is usually a person of straw. Whatever the verdict, she is certain to pay none of the costs. That pleasant prospect is reserved for the more substantial defendant. He must employ the best counsel, and the best attorneys he can procure, and the outlay is sure to come out of his own pocket. If the Haymarket attorney wins, the defendant pays everything; if the defendant is acquitted of all legal liability, the Haymarket attorney laughs in his sleeve; the plaintiff herself vanishes from the scene; and her injured antagonist is left to recoup himself for his annoyance, his loss, and his expense, as best he may. It is not surprising if, at such a game, the Haymarket usually is the gainer. It is the old proverb—heads I win, and tails you lose. Everything is lost by contested actions of this description. Fighting with shadows is an agreeable pastime compared with it. The result is that the threatened victim frequently accepts the lesser evil, pays a moderate sum to be quit of his tormentors, and retires from competition with Haymarket nymphs and Haymarket attorneys a sadder and a more cautious man.

It is by thus battenning on the fashionable follies of society that the less respectable members of the legal profession attain to an opulence that repays them for any sacrifice of character which they have unhesitatingly made. Haymarket partnerships are a profitable investment. The spoils are considerable, and of these the lawyer takes the lion's share; the losings are inconsiderable, and of these the lawyer bears only a minor part. Complete as seem the records drawn up by the reporters, they cannot embrace the scenes that pass in the attorney's office off the stage. The public knows nothing of them; even the more initiated can only form their own guesses at the truth. Nor are actions for breach of promise or seduction

the only pressure which is employed. The experienced Haymarket attorney has many strings to his bow. His delicacy and his *savoir vivre* are too great to permit of his always adopting so coarse and obvious a method of procedure. An action for the rent of a house, or the supply of coals, if carefully managed, will suit his purpose as well as, or better than, any less ingenious form of torture. It is thus that Anonyma leases her house and furnishes her apartments, buys her pony-carriages, and goes to the seaside in the autumn. Her admirers are thankful to be allowed to contribute to her wants in order to escape from greater hardships. Nor in the case of a great scandal are the newspapers altogether as communicative as they might be. The names of the parties, of the victims, of their friends, are freely dragged before the world. The one thing that is not given at length is the names of the enterprising attorneys who have undertaken to be the Dodson & Fogg of injured frailty. Yet the information is not altogether irrelevant, if the public are to form a correct and sound judgment on the merits of the affair. If the legal advisers of the woman are as respectable as the counsel whom they sometimes instruct, so much the better for her story; if they are the reverse, the other side ought to have the benefit of the fact. Let us take, for example, the case of Miss Rowland, which forms one of the prominent features in the newspaper intelligence of the week. Who are the attorneys whom Miss Rowland honours with her confidence, and who honour Miss Rowland with their patronage? The *Times* is silent on this head. The public is left without the means of divining. We have no reason to suppose that they are otherwise than ornaments of their profession. If so, the more reason why their names should appear to give weight to Miss Rowland's cause. Let us suppose, on the contrary, that Miss Rowland, instead of being a beautiful and injured woman, as her counsel described her, had been a designing person, and that her attorneys, instead of being men of character and position, as we imagine must have been the case, had been Haymarket attorneys of the conventional stamp; surely it would have been a comfort and consolation to Mr. Poynder's acquaintances to have known it. In any case, the public ought to have the means of judging. Publicity ought not to be dealt out by halves. In these cases the names of the attorneys are usually part of the story, and constitute an important item in facts.

Yet there is not much reason to hope in any case that publicity would operate as a check upon the most audacious of the Haymarket firms. The remedy must be more incisive still. There is no earthly reason why attorneys should not themselves be liable for the costs of an action, when the action is of a peculiar kind. This salutary reform would put an end to a great deal of disreputable litigation. Unless there is a change of some kind, perhaps, before very long, Haymarket attorneys will find, to their cost, that amendments in the law are being contemplated of which they at present hardly dream. It is confessedly a great evil to have our papers flooded by the mass of indecency to which we are daily subjected; it is also a great evil to have this exposure converted into an engine of extortion. Would it be a greater evil to abolish all actions of the kind, both root and branch? What if there were no such things as actions for seduction or breach of promise at all? Individuals here and there might suffer; injustice would occasionally be done. On the other hand, under the present law individuals suffer, and injustice is done also. The real question is, not whether there would not be here and there isolated cases of injustice, but whether public decency might not be immeasurably advantaged by the alteration?

ABSENCE OF IMAGINATION.

THE course of crime presents us with a number of so-called anomalies which, to ordinary people, seem almost incomprehensible. The folly of murderers has thus become a by-word. When, within two days of the murder of Mr. Briggs upon the railroad, it was discovered that a guilty hand had pawned, or rather exchanged, the dead man's chain, thereby affording a clue to its own ultimate detection and punishment, the same observation leapt at the same instant to all lips. It was a description of blunder to which society is accustomed, and without which crime would go still oftener unpunished than it does. The ordinary way by which spectators account for such a phenomenon is, by remarking that a crime of such magnitude as murder shakes the mind upon its throne, and disturbs the judgment of the boldest evil-doer. The murder once committed, it is said that the murderer is no more the man he was. Remorse, terror, and stupor overwhelm him, and he reels through

the world as clumsily as a drunken man. The explanation, sound and wholesome as it appears from a moral point of view, is not altogether adequate. Sometimes, doubtless, remorse follows in the train of guilt, and the criminal too late discovers that his own imagination is destined to prove a terrible avenger of the deed that has been done. In a long life, again, character develops no one can say how or wherefore; hidden springs of feeling come into play in the course of years, and it is far from impossible that little things may bring tardy repentance at the close of life for faults and sins committed at its beginning. But, as a rule, remorse is not the immediate consequence of a great crime. The history of crime is full of examples to the contrary. Among human beings whose mental or moral power is at a low degree, who have neither education nor status in society, who live from hand to mouth, and are the Ishmaels of the world around them, one would not naturally look for a sentiment which is the fruit either of moral feeling or of imagination. But the sentiment is not even to be seen among criminals of a more exalted social grade. Macbeth, after all, is an exception—a dreamy being, who, like Hamlet, has a mania for seeing ghosts. Neither Rush, nor Palmer, nor Townley trembled at the idea of their victims' agonies. They did not survive long enough for spectres to begin to haunt them, and for the creations of the mind to work upon the mind's own peace. Least of all is the murder that is done on calculation likely to breed consequential and immediate remorse. Passionate natures are certainly subject to fluctuations and reaction; and the murderer who, in a tempest of emotion, has taken human life, might perhaps undergo a second storm of sorrow and regret when the first storm of fury had passed away. But the more brutal murderer is, in all probability, a man defective in imaginative power. His mind is incapable of conjuring up the Furies to haunt itself. His moral nature has not fallen from so great a height as to be dazed and bewildered by the shock. It is not, therefore, to the remorse or bewilderment that we ought to look if we wish to discover the source of the blindness and the folly of great criminals. It is far more likely that ignorance and want of feeling are at the bottom of it all. A half-educated man is not conscious of the enormous power of society. He cannot foresee—perchance he never knows till the very end—that society, when a murder has been committed, hears of it forthwith, and sets all its mighty machinery in play for the purpose of detection. Müller doubtless believed that so long as the police were hunting in one part of the metropolis he was safe in perambulating the other. The press, the telegraph, and, above all, the omniscience of society at large—which is due to the press and the telegraph—are wonders of which, down to this moment, he probably has but little conception. The history of his conduct, as far as it has been revealed, seems to set the truth of this criticism beyond dispute. Müller—if we are rightly informed—was never overwhelmed with remorse. He showed, for a man of small education and resources, an ingenuity totally inconsistent with the theory of remorse. He took care to exchange the watch at a respectable jeweller's where suspicion would not be awakened, and instead of pawning it at some thieves' pawnbroker, whose eyes would be keener and more intrusive. He walked about as usual among his neighbours, visiting his acquaintances, and apparently caressing their children. What blunders he has committed are the result of anything rather than a disturbed mind.

The truth is—though it seems after all to be a truism when placed upon the page—that a man must have an imagination to be diseased, before he can suffer from a diseased imagination. A crime like murder, if not perpetrated under the influence of an absorbing passion, is usually perpetrated from the want of that very imagination which is the parent of remorse and of despair. Imagination is a quality of the mind akin to sympathy and to sensitiveness, and widely removed from cruelty or tyrannical carelessness of the life and happiness of others. Those do not calmly inflict pain who have the power to realize it keenly. There are, indeed, some natures which, in this respect, are exceptions to the law. Goethe, for example, was a man of genius who could realize the sufferings of others acutely enough, whenever he chose; yet, on some occasions in his life, he clearly showed that he did not hesitate to cut deep into the heart of others. His "Faust" presents us with a kindred spectacle. Faust is perfectly able to appreciate the misery he causes to the unhappy Marguerite by seducing and then deserting her; yet he both seduces and deserts her; and for the desertion, at all events, passion affords no excuse. The obvious reason is that Faust, like Goethe, was a philosopher, though a man of imagination also. In the "Faust" we have a picture of what happens to such a man when he sacrifices his imagination to his scepticism. Mephistopheles would have had

little power if Faust had never steeled himself against his own imaginative soul. By long habits of indulgence, and by long want of self-control, the force of imagination may be weakened and dissipated, for such is the law of the mind, as well as of the moral character of man. Scepticism carried to the full extreme probably produces the same result, and for a similar reason. Both scepticism and selfishness tend to diminish the permanent weight and authority of every idea or conception except that which is in their own key. All other images fade easily and lightly out of sight and memory, neither undermined by profound philosophical indifference, nor overwhelmed by a turbulent stream of passion or enjoyment. If we are to expect crime from imaginative men, we should accordingly expect it either from the sceptical or the self-indulgent. But imaginative men who are sceptical or self-indulgent, are imaginative men who, *pro tanto*, have ceased to be imaginative. The broad fact remains that the poetical or imaginative nature, which is the nature to which remorse is most akin, is the nature which is least capable of crime. It is the poet who paints a murderer's remorse; the murderer who is not a poet seldom feels it.

If the absence of imagination plunges half of the human race into crime and misery, the same absence of imagination, on the other hand, prevents them from feeling too keenly the ills and anxieties of life. Nature is full of these equivalents. She gives the poor man disease and misery; but the chances are that his very condition of mind and body preserves him from the pain that is the lot of the fortunate and rich. Pain, says the greatest of philosophers, is what the soul feels while the body is suffering. Pleasure and pain are both of them sensations which would stir us but little were the mind laid in a perpetual sleep. It is the imagination, and the power of associating and joining to the present the images of past sensations, which gives to pleasure and to pain the greater half of their power and acuteness. The mind itself is the machine that strings each nerve of our body to the pitch at which it feels most keenly. Without such mental stringing and attuning of our nerves animal feeling would be, in man's case, always at the minimum required by the character of his bare organization. The lower the imaginative wealth of a man, the less, therefore, will be, in the long run, his pain. Present suffering in most cases becomes tolerable when the past and the future are all sunshine. The next best thing for the alleviation of present suffering is that the past and the future should be a blank. The animal that winces under the lash has at least this advantage upon his side of the balance, that he neither recollects the innumerable agonies he has suffered, nor conjures up the image of all that he has yet to undergo. Pain for him is a simple stinging sensation in his skin, and very little more. He does not know what it is to be anxious or to endure the torture of remorse. The lot of poor people, in like manner, to the eyes of the imaginative spectator, often seems worse than it is in reality. The poet sees the cold, the hunger, the sickness, all intermingled and aggravated by a troop of anxieties and fears that are born in his own brain. Much of the misery of the poor, to a man of sensibility, appears to consist in the absolute hopelessness of their case. They have nothing to look forward to except an old age of penury and want. The workhouse seems to close a long vista of hardships, and to make the shady journey thither look still blacker than it is by itself. Probably this dull and blighting prospect touches but lightly those whose fortunes we are bemoaning. They have not the mental power requisite for appreciating the chances of the dim past, or of the misty future. The text, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," is a text that appears written for the poor. To the rich man, or the ambitious man, such oblivion of life's chances seems impossible; yet in this absence of calculation and speculation lies half the poor man's recipe for enduring life. The evils of to-day fall lightly from him, like water from a duck's back, because they are not enhanced by a thought of the evils of to-morrow. The gift of imagination is, therefore, a gift which is not unmixed with drawbacks. The world loses something by this power of creating its own ideas, though its gain is greater still. "By the law," says the sacred writer, "comes the knowledge of sin." Without the image or idea of law, the image and idea of transgression never could exist. Imagination grows, and with it, *pari passu*, grows the power of remorse. With it also grows the quantity of pain allotted to the world, for each idea that is created brings with it a dark train of disappointments and sombre recollections. The more clearly man conceives of perfection, the more keen must be his feeling of perfection unattained; and the wider his prospect or retrospect of life, the smaller seem life's pleasures, and the more unbearable its pains.

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

"ENGLISH honesty" is a phrase grateful to English ears, and may the time be far distant when it will cease to be an appropriate expression. The more insight we obtain into those immutable laws which preside over the destinies of humanity and govern the rise and fall of empires, the more clearly we perceive that nature abhors falsehood—that honesty is the cement of human communities, corruption the disintegrating power which saps their strength and brings about their dissolution. Holding these convictions, we regard it as one of the highest duties of the Press to point out and endeavour to extirpate the spots of incipient rottenness which make their appearance from time to time in the fabric of society, and which are all the more insidious in their attacks and dangerous in their tendencies from not infringing any written law.

"This above all,—to thy own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Have our readers ever reflected on the fact, that whilst to be chosen a member of the French Institute is universally looked upon throughout the civilized world as decisive of the elevated intellectual stature of the recipient, and considered one of the highest honours to which a philosopher can aspire, there is not a single English scientific society—or what by courtesy is called so—to whose membership any value is attached by foreigners?

The wish to be thought stronger or swifter, or braver or cleverer, or wiser or better than his fellows—the desire of distinction—is a perfectly legitimate aspiration implanted by nature to fit man for the social state, and those badges by which society proclaims the recognition of merit or superiority will never cease to be the object of pursuit. In all communities, however, there are, unfortunately, individuals to be found who would fain reap without sowing, and grasp the prizes due to labour and merit without having earned or deserved them. Weak in honesty, but strong in cunning, their scheme of life may be shortly summed up as consisting in the reversal of the motto, "*Esse non videri*," for they flatter themselves upon having discovered, by their superior acuteness, that counterfeits may be made to do duty as realities. Things so easily and safely appropriated as titles were not likely to escape the attention of persons of this class, and accordingly a large traffic is carried on in quasi-honorary certificates by self-constituted authorities. It would be a mistake to suppose these purchased insignia to be entirely void of insignificance; on the contrary, they testify unmistakably to the want of self-respect both of buyers and sellers. Childhood is the time for playing at make-believe; men should hold fast to realities. An adult biped flourishing a purchased title reminds us of an ass or fox paying a small tax for the privilege of masquerading in a lion's skin, and forms a spectacle that would be comic were it not pitiable.

We honour the Victoria Cross, for it is the symbol that bold and gallant deeds have been done by the wearer; and, though in a lower degree, we respect the cross muskets embroidered on the sleeve—the badge of the Volunteer marksman, for they, too, tell of manly contests and prizes fairly won. Let the pseudo savans who rejoice in purchased tails ask the competitors at Wimbledon what *they* would think of a self-constituted society (subscription, two guineas) assuming and presuming to authorize its members, without firing a rifle, to wear the badge of a marksman! And shall we permit, without protest, the name of Science to be dragged in the mire and made subservient to the private ends of men who do not scruple to descend to practices which the unsophisticated common sense of the masses would reject and recoil from?

We are sorry to say that, to the best of our belief, there is not in existence a single English Scientific Society membership which can be regarded as any honour or as affording the slightest guarantee for the possession of intellectual superiority; and hence they are justly looked upon with contempt by foreigners. In fact, it is perfectly notorious that the great object for which individuals seek admission into these bodies is not the advancement of science, but that of their own social position. It is, moreover, tacitly understood that the select few, "the council of ten," in addition to the ostensible objects of the Society, have an esoteric creed, the first article of which is to carry out the Christian precept, "Do as you would be done by," under its northern aspect of "Caw me and I'll caw thee." On this head let us hear the opinions of one of the first amongst living English philosophers, who has recorded

his experience of these societies in language which perfectly coincides with the conclusions we have arrived at from our own observations:—

"Managed by a coterie whose great object has been to maintain itself in power, and to divide, as far as it could, all the good things amongst its members. It has usually consisted of persons of very moderate talents, who have had the prudence, whenever they could, to associate with themselves other members of greater ability, provided these latter would not oppose the *system*, and would thus lend to it the sanction of their names. The party have always praised each other most highly, have invariably opposed all improvements in the Society, all change of management, and have maintained that all those who wished for any alteration were factious, and displaced them from the council as soon as they conveniently could."

It may be asked, Why is the management of these societies suffered to fall into the hands of such a class? The answer is simple: for the obvious reason that those who make a business of jobbing soon understand each other, organise their forces, and act together from community of interest, and thus must always succeed in imposing their will upon others whose attention is mainly occupied by scientific pursuits, and who have not the strong motive of self-interest drawing them to combine. When organized bodies and individuals encounter, the result cannot be doubtful. The mistake consists in allowing men who have done nothing but put their hands in their pockets to enter such societies, or at least to participate on an equal footing in the rank and honours which should be reserved as the reward of scientific achievements. Were this change effected, we should be spared the spectacle of seeing, on the one hand, a group of grown-up children who have exchanged the toys of the nursery for tenfold more ridiculous and senseless baubles; on the other, a set of schemers who job the honours of the society, and seek to manage the whole affair for their pecuniary benefit, and the advancement of their social position. As long as titles are a purchasable commodity, with a stock on hand ready for sale in the market, by what monstrous fiction, by what conceivable pretence, are they to be palmed off on the public as indicating the possession of scientific attainments on the part of the purchaser? At the present price we are told they are a good investment for authors contemplating transactions with publishers. Viewed in that light they are a fraud.

It would be superfluous for us to disclaim any intention of attacking Science by these observations. Her temple is reared by workmen who labour in the interior, and are only visible at intervals to the public eye. On the exterior will always be found a crowd of individuals who make use of the scaffolding fixed by other hands, to clamber into positions to which they have no right.

PERILS OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

THE wisdom of allowing railway companies to regulate their lines as they please, without insisting, at least, upon obvious precautions for the safety of the public, has been again illustrated by a case which only by good fortune and desperate exertion did not terminate in murder. Last week five persons left King's Cross by the night train for Edinburgh. As the train was starting, the guard, against their wish, pushed into their carriage a sixth passenger, a "tall and strongly-built man," says the *Scotsman*, "dressed as a sailor, and having a wild and haggard look." The impression he made on his fellow-passengers at first glance was that he was intoxicated; but before long they had painful reason to believe that he was suffering from *delirium tremens*. The train had hardly got upon its way when he started up, declared he had been robbed, and began to rush about the carriage, uttering the most frightful shrieks and imprecations. For a time the others took no notice of him; but by and by they tried to pacify him; but as he became more and more violent, dashing up and down the carriage, and striking out right and left, they saw that their only chance was force. Luckily they were more than a match for him; but it was all that four of them could do to keep him from throwing himself out of the window in his endeavour to break from them. One of the party had a strap, and with that they tied his arms behind him, and at the same time taking his knife from him; but, even then, his struggles were so violent that it took two of them to hold him down on the seat, and they were not safe until they had tied his legs together with their handkerchiefs.

Bound hand and foot, he still struggled, and if the strap, which was not a very strong one, gave way, there is no saying what the result of this journey to Edinburgh might have been. One of the passengers was an elderly gentleman, too much terrified to render assistance; another, who had struggled with the maniac, was in a fainting state; and the train had to run nearly eighty miles, from London to Peterborough, without stopping. Under these circumstances, the parties did what they could to attract the attention of the guard, but in vain. The passengers in the neighbouring carriages heard what was going on; men shouted, women screamed. Every effort that either could make to attract attention was made;

and in fact the officials at one of the stations saw that something was wrong, and showed the danger signals. The train began to slacken its pace, and the passengers thought the hour of their deliverance was at hand; but no sooner were the danger lights passed than the train tore away again at its old pace, and it was not till Peterborough was reached that the man was removed from the carriage.

When we read such a narrative as this, and think of the namby-pamby terms in which the Board of Trade has invited the railway companies to reflect whether it may not be "deserving of consideration" that passengers should have the means of direct communication with the guard, we cannot restrain our indignation at such miserable folly. On this question the Board of Trade have the whole country on their side, and when they suggest a reform which everybody demands, they should say, "Either you must do this, or we will do it for you."

LEGACY AND SUCCESSION DUTIES.

THE patience of the legal profession has at last broken down under the tyrannical exactions of Mr. Trevor, Controller of Legacy Duties, pest of attorneys, and scourge of clients. For the last ten days anathemas have been hurled at him by "Templars," "Solicitors," "Executors," in quick and thick succession, through the columns of the *Times*; and if half that they say of his doings is true, he is one of the last men who ought to exist officially in the nineteenth century. Armed with the crushing Exchequer process, he has used his weapon as a highwayman would use his pistol. Duties twenty or thirty years old, and in many cases paid, have been demanded again; and, if the receipts were lost, enforced. Here is one of the charges brought against him:—

"Last year a claim was made on clients of mine for legacy duty on the estate of a testator who died in 1819. I corresponded with Mr. Trevor, and endeavoured to show him that the claim was illegal. He issued process against my clients, who, notwithstanding they were warned of the expense they must necessarily incur, determined to resist what they believed to be an imposition. Mr. Trevor, at the last moment, when he had put my clients to all the expense he could, and when the case was put down for hearing, abandoned it, and at present demurs to paying the costs. My clients will use every endeavour to get the costs for the sake of establishing the principle."

Take another instance, in which happily he was again beaten:—

"The late Mr. Thomas Shepherd, of Lincoln's-inn, was, twenty years after he had paid all the legacy and received duties under a will of which he was executor, again called upon by the office for this discharge. His assertion that the duties had been paid went for nothing. Fortunately, the receipts had not been destroyed, and after a search, they were as fortunately found. The office had neglected to make an entry in their books of the receipt of these duties, and the only return Mr. Shepherd met with for the annoyance and anxiety given to him, and for the hazard of being obliged to pay the duties a second time, was the expression of 'being very sorry.'"

But receipts are not always forthcoming; and then Mr. Trevor shows neither mercy nor civility. It is time that a stop should be put to his proceedings; and the best means of doing so is to pass a statute of limitations for debts due to the Crown.

KIDNAPPING IRISHMEN.

THE Emigration Commissioners have issued a notice to persons emigrating to the United States, warning them against the efforts which will be made to entrap them into enlistment when they arrive there. Those sent out by the Commissioners will be landed with their luggage at Castle Garden, where they will obtain, free of charge, good accommodation, and instructions as to the best mode of reaching their destination. There, too, they can purchase "Inland Passage Tickets," by railroads and steam-boats to all parts of the United States and Canada. On tickets bought at Castle Garden they can depend with certainty, but upon no others. They are warned against accepting offers of assistance, and against drinking and allowing themselves to be treated with drink. This caution cannot be too widely published. Some time ago seven Irishmen, who landed at Portland, were kidnapped and carried off to the war. Lord Lyons interfered on their behalf, and obtained an order from the Secretary-at-War for their discharge from the service. What was the treatment they subsequently received? First, they were sent from their regiment to the Provost-Marshal's head-quarters. He read and kept the order, and then ordered the men to be placed in the bull-ring, an open space in the fields, surrounded by armed men, wherein are placed prisoners of all grades. On the next day they asked to be sent to Washington with some armed men, who were going there, but this request was refused, and they were transferred from one bull-ring to another, from the 9th of June to the 23rd, where they were well-nigh starved, as they had at one time to march three successive days without a mouthful of food, and consequently were reduced to eating clover and green apples to support nature. They remonstrated, but in vain. On the 23rd they were sent with convicts under guard to Washington, and then transferred to the Old Capitol; thence they were sent in irons to Boston, where they were left handcuffed together all night, but for the purpose of getting sleep they had to break the cuffs. The consequence was that they were marched through Boston tied

with ropes, till they arrived in Portland. These men, it is to be observed, had fought in some of the late battles, and bravely, it is said, as documents from their officers can show. Yet they were made to associate with convicts, put in irons, handcuffed, and marched through Boston tied with ropes!

WEYMOUTH AND BIARRITZ.

Two letters have recently appeared in the *Times* on the subject of sea-bathing, both written by Englishmen, both testifying to the excessive indecency of our English mode of enjoying this luxury. We all know that what these writers say is true. English sea-bathing is almost to the last extent gross. We have only to imagine the women bathing as the men bathe, and the picture of barbarous indecency will be complete. But why it is permissible for men to bathe naked and not for women, we cannot say; or, to put it differently, why it should be disgraceful for women to bathe naked, yet not so for men, passes our comprehension. Yet universally on our shores, your Englishman takes the water with no more clothing, perhaps with less, than

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

One of the writers above alluded to describes the scenes daily witnessed upon the beach at Weymouth. At high water the tide reaches almost up to the wall of the esplanade. Men leaving the machine have to walk many yards with the water scarcely reaching above their knees, returning to the machine similarly exposed. Yet, says the writer, "the esplanade appears to be a favourite resort of the inhabitants, both men and women; nor do the windows of the adjoining houses appear to me to be entirely deserted." What is here said of Weymouth is more or less true of every English watering-place we have ever seen. On the sands at Ramsgate gentlemen stroll with spyglasses in their hands; nursemaids and ladies venture on the portion of the sands where the men bathe. At Southend, men and women bathe together. Everywhere men bathe stark naked.

Mr. Hulley, the vice-president of the Athletic Society of Great Britain, tells us how they manage these matters at Biarritz. There, gentlemen walk down to the water with their wives on their arms, and their daughters following them; the men wearing loose, baggy trousers and a skirted Garibaldi; the ladies a simple Bloomer costume, consisting of jackets shaped variously, according to taste, loose trousers reaching to the ankle, list slippers to protect the feet from the shingle, and a straw hat neatly trimmed, to protect the wearer's complexion. "Dressed in this sensible manner, all the nervousness and awkwardness of English bathers are lost. All is buoyancy and ease. The simplicity and convenience of the method of bathing influence the manners of the beach, and instead of the mixture of leering and mock modesty which offends the critic on manners at an English watering-place, the extreme social felicity of seeing and being seen is enjoyed each day with as much gusto as if every day were a *fête*, and as if the company on the sands constituted one continuous *conversazione*."

If we contrast the English and French system we must, like it or not, admit that the one is civilized, the other barbarous.

RETAINING A LADY'S LETTERS.

OUR readers may remember that, in April last, Dr. Rowe, a surgeon practising at Liverpool, was assaulted in his own house, and unmercifully beaten, by two men named Scott and Brice, because he refused to return a locket and some love-letters addressed to him by a Miss Beattie, to whom he had been engaged to be married. The engagement had been pending for some years, was broken off in August last within a few weeks of the day fixed for their marriage, then renewed, and again finally disposed of by the lady eloping with Brice. Dr. Rowe did not sit easily under this disappointment, and the result was an action for slander, in which he thought her letters would be of service to him. He refused to give them up; Brice was determined to have them, and, taking Scott with him, went to Dr. Rowe's house on the 2nd of April last, assaulted him, broke his leg, and beat him till he was insensible. For that offence they were tried at Liverpool on Wednesday last, and being found guilty of wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm, were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour. Their punishment is by no means too severe. Whatever may be said of Dr. Rowe's retaining Mrs. Brice's letters, they were certainly his by a legal right, and it is not to be tolerated that men, who cannot persuade another to adopt the custom sanctioned by society on such occasions, shall take the law into their own hands, and beat the recusant "within an inch of his life."

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON ON HORTICULTURE.

PEOPLE who frequent the exhibitions of our Royal Botanic and Horticultural Societies may think that nothing is left undone which ought to be done for the true advancement of horticulture and its accompanying sciences. There are the flowers, there is the band, there are the ladies arrayed in all the glories of nature and millinery. What more can anyone ask? Sir Joseph Paxton says, much more. The exhibitions are confined to one season, and, therefore, "great show cultivators" grow very few plants which do not flower in that season, and pay no attention to

others which might be cultivated with great effect for other seasons of the year. "The true object," he says, "of horticulture should be, in my opinion, to increase the enjoyment derivable from it, and to diffuse it as widely as possible; to enable the owners of gardens to get the greatest amount of pleasure and satisfaction from their possessions, and to enable the general public to procure the greatest number of fruits, flowers, and vegetables in the greatest quantity, of the best kinds, and at the cheapest prices." To this end he urges the adoption of a continuous exhibition by fortnightly or weekly shows, as was the practice when the Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick were the leading gardens. Sir Joseph objects again to gentlemen supplying the markets with the finer fruits, content if by so doing they can diminish the cost of production, thus making it hopeless for market gardeners, who must grow for a profit, to compete with them. This is an injury to the public. "The result," he writes, "is that fruit, with all the facilities of cheap glass and cheap coal all over the country (compared with forty years ago), is absolutely dearer than it was forty years since; while the produce of real market gardens is perhaps 50 per cent. cheaper and 100 per cent. better, the forced fruits, in which the private establishments compete, have made very little progress in goodness." For this evil the remedy is not so easy as for the other. Continuous exhibitions may restore many branches of horticulture which have fallen into disuse; but who shall persuade gentlemen from growing their own grapes, and selling them, too?

THE CRYSTAL SANITARIUM COMPANY.

"THE Companies Act, 1862," is rapidly renewing the face of the earth. Under the above title a company has been formed, in sober seriousness, to create us a new climate and enable Englishmen and Englishwomen whose lungs are not of the strongest to keep body and soul together in their own country between September and May, who have hitherto had to resort to Madeira, Nice, Pau, or Algiers in order to preserve that desired union. Our readers will find the *modus operandi* sketched in our advertisement columns, and will judge for themselves. We confess the proposition startles us, and we are inclined to meet it with the exclamation, "Absurd!" But when we glance down the list of physicians who express their "satisfaction at the prospect here afforded of having so efficient an auxiliary in the treatment of many diseases for which our profession are often unwillingly compelled to prescribe change of climate," we refrain. It is a perilous thing, when doctors differ, to oppose either side; but to oppose them when they agree is what no rational man would attempt.

THE WATERLOO-BRIDGE MYSTERY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily Telegraph* says that he can throw light on the mystery which puzzled London some years ago. About the time when the carpet-bag, filled with portions of a body which had been cut up, was found, a Mr. R— was lodging with a Jew, named W—, near Waterloo-bridge. He had realized some Tasmanian debentures, and what became of him and the Jew was never known; but the writer's theory is that the Jew robbed R— of the proceeds of the debentures, and murdered him. Mrs. R— survives in Tasmania, and if the carpet-bag in which the human remains were found was her husband's, she would be able to identify it. The writer is Mr. George Irvin, of Serpentine-avenue, Dublin, and he offers to give the names of the parties, whom he designates by their initials, "to any person competent, or having official authority to investigate the matter further." The Jew, he says, was at one time a convict in a penal settlement in Tasmania, and probably knew R— there. Mr. Irvin says he is dead.

STRANGE SCENE IN A CHURCH.—One of the most singular illustrations of the well-known aphorism, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," occurred, we are informed, in Antrim recently. It would appear that at an early hour of the morning a dashing suite of three carriages, with the customary hymeneal embellishments, was furnished by a well-known local posting establishment to convey an apparently happy bride and bridegroom and a joyous wedding party to the historic town of Antrim, where the ceremony was arranged to take place. The party are said to have been in the highest spirits on the way, and, arrived in Antrim, at once proceeded to the sacred edifice in which the twain were to be made one. The officiating clergyman was in readiness, the bride and bridegroom took their places, and the pretty bridesmaids, with a pardonable flutter of expectation, arranged themselves in their allotted positions, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," until the clergyman, in the course of the service, asked if any present knew of any just cause or impediment why the aspirants for matrimony before him should not be joined in that holy estate. The query was instantly responded to by a young gentleman in the body of the church, who protested that he had just reason to forbid the banns; and, amid excitement which can be better imagined than described, he requested permission to put a question to the bride. This was accorded him, and in a manly voice he asked her if she had not, some two years ago, pledged her troth to him. The fair *fiancée* hung her head and answered "Yes!" and while her intended husband, in concert with the entire assemblage, gazed in utter bewilderment on the scene, the fickle fair one put a climax to the proceedings by adding—"And I will keep my word!" Instantly seizing her former lover by the arm, she swept with him in majesty from the church, and entering one of the carriages which had driven

the party to the sacred edifice, drove off at locomotive speed with her recovered swain to the residence of her mother, leaving the poor fellow in the church to ruminate over the inconstancy of fickle woman, and doubtless hoping "better luck next time."—*Northern Whig*.

THE "ROLF KRAKE."—The achievements of the iron-clad Rolf Krake, which has three times been engaged against land forts, are interesting as the first example of a turret ship, constructed on the principle invented by Capt. Cowper Coles, R.N., having been in action. We passed her at sea on her way to Alsen to refit, and afterwards visited her in dry dock at Copenhagen, when her decks were crowded with admiring visitors. The Rolf Krake has two revolving turrets containing her guns, iron-plated on the sides, but with open gratings on the top, so as to admit of ample ventilation. The deck consists of three-quarters of an inch iron, with wood over all. The bulwarks were shot to pieces, the deck torn up in several places, the mizen topmast and bowsprit shot away, and the funnel riddled through and through. One shell had gone right through the deck, close to the gun-room door, and it was this shot, from one of the forts on the Broager heights, which killed the first lieutenant and wounded several men. But the turrets had stood well; they had been struck three or four times, and the missiles had only made very slight indentations in the iron; the men, however, were exposed to a galling fire of rifles down the open gratings on their tops. We understand that this evident defect was to be remedied, and that during the refit the turrets were to receive the covering similar to those on the turrets of the Royal Sovereign. The gallant crew of the Rolf Krake had done their work right well, and the worthy people of Copenhagen have good reason to be proud of them. The ships which had just gained a victory over the Austrians, the Neils Juel, Jylland, and Heindal, were also lying off Copenhagen at the time of our second visit, together with the rest of the Danish fleet. On the sea, at least, this little kingdom is still a match for the overgrown despotisms that would crush her. The blood of the Vikings still stirs in the veins of her sons, and enables them to retain a superiority on an element where their blundering enemies never feel at home.—*All the Year Round*.

UPON KEEPING ONE'S WORD.—Sir William Napier was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl, about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl; she had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face and said, "But yee can mend it, can't ee?" My father explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and of still being in time for the dinner-party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to us, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."—*Bruce's Life of General Sir William Napier*.

THE FETTERS OF A GERMAN.—In the parish or commune in which a German is born he is allowed to have the right to dwell; the gates of every other, be it the nearest village, are shut against him more or less rigidly. To reside in another place than that which we may call his settlement the German must obtain a special authorisation from the communal or police authorities—a permission usually obtained without much difficulty by natives of the same State; but to foreigners—by which word the reader will be good enough always to understand Germans who are natives of other States—only accorded with great difficulty, inasmuch as it must be preceded by an examination into their character and means, is often conditional upon reciprocity, and can only be given by the Government. This permission, however, when obtained, gives no right to carry on even those few trades which are free from the fetters of the guilds and the Government; and, whilst persons who have not this permission can be expelled the town at any time and without any cause being assigned, even those who have it may be driven away, no matter how long they have lived there, if they become bankrupt or dependent upon public charity, offend against public decency or morality, and in some States when it may seem to the local authorities "expedient for the public weal."—*Once a Week*.

A BONNET FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.—It is intended to present a bonnet by the Society of the Ancient Archers of Kilwinning to the Prince of Wales on his having accepted the office of patron (which the Prince Consort also held). The bonnet is exquisitely got up, and reflects the greatest credit on all concerned. It is in shape the same as worn by the archers while shooting at papingo, and the inside is lined with white satin, and in the centre the Prince of Wales' coat of arms is beautifully embroidered, and below the words "Ich Dien," 1843—the date when the society was originated.—*Edinbu.gh Daily Review*.

AN ALIBI FOR FRANZ MÜLLER.—The German Legal Protection Society of London are endeavouring, by means of the most diligent inquiries, and by seeking information from every available quarter, to ascertain what were the precise movements of Franz Müller, the suspected murderer of Mr. Briggs, on the day the murder took place. Their object is, if possible, to show that he was not on the railway at the time of the murder, and that he could have had no connection with that dreadful tragedy.

LIFE IN THE DEAD-ROOM.—An instance of the danger of too hasty interments is mentioned by the *Ost-Deutsche-Post* of Vienna. A few days since, in the establishment of the Brothers of Charity in that

capital, the bell of the dead-room was heard to ring violently, and on one of the attendants proceeding to the place to ascertain the cause he was surprised at seeing one of the supposed dead men pulling the bell rope. He was removed immediately to another room, and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OXFORD DECLARATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—If you think the following of sufficient public interest, may I ask you to insert it in your next?

Yours faithfully,

W. B. HOPKINS.

"To the Editor of the John Bull.

"Sir,—I have been favoured with a copy of your paper dated 6th August, 1864.

"Probably the sender wished me to derive benefit from reading the article on 'Theological Round Robins.' The writer of that article seems to hold that it is very improper for any body of men to express an opinion upon a matter which has been decided by the law of the land, even though some of them may think that there has been a failure of justice.

"But I chanced to read also the adjoining 'leader' on 'The Great Marriage Cause.' In the case of Theresa Longworth, or Yelverton, you seem to think that the latest appeal has terminated in a failure of justice; and you appear to recommend 'society' to stand up for its alleged rights, and to set the decisions of law courts (whether past or to come) utterly at defiance!

"You will scarcely feel surprised, Sir, when I tell you that the perusal of the one leading article entirely neutralized the good I might have derived from reading the other.

"Believe me, yours faithfully,

"The Vicarage, Wisbech,
August 8, 1864."

"W. B. HOPKINS.

WORK FOR ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—You commented last week on the pleasures of archæologists. Allow me this week to call attention to what I conceive to be one of their duties. During the last twenty years or so, a rage has come over our ecclesiastical authorities for "restoring" ancient cathedrals, abbeys, and churches. No doubt in many cases repairs were rendered absolutely necessary by the effects of antiquity; and it may have happened in some instances that the base and incongruous additions of later times—the whitewash and petty carpenter's work—have been removed, and that the edifice has been rendered more like what it was when originally built. But I am afraid there has been a great deal of injudicious and soul-less meddling, for no better purpose than to please the whims of pedantic ecclesiologists, and to furnish jobs for architects and builders. I was the other day at St. Alban's Abbey, and was shocked to see the venerable appearance of that fine old structure giving way in places to the coxcombry of a renovation which appears not to be needed. I observed at one end of the building that some of the old buttresses are being replaced by new. To my unprofessional eye, the old work seemed to be as firm, solid, and upright as any masonry could be; yet the whole now is apparently condemned. One new buttress is already up, making a most harsh and discordant contrast, in its sharp outlines, violent white colour, and raw slate top, with the age-softened grey and red of the walls it helps to support. Let any eye with the least feeling range from the old buttresses, with their tender outlines and sober adornment of moss and lichens, to the buttress just completed—a coarse intruder, looking as if it had been imported bodily from some stonemason's yard—and I feel sure he will at once decide which is the fitter in connection with so ancient an edifice. It should be recollected that the very substance of St. Alban's Abbey has an interest, and that of a very peculiar and romantic kind. The abbey was mainly built out of the remains of ancient Verulam; and you may see the bright vermillion tiles of the Romans in every part of the external walls. If the rebuilding to which I have referred be really necessary—if any architect of standing will give his assurance that the old buttresses were not safe—I have, of course, nothing further to say; but if the alterations be merely for the sake of making the building look smart and pretty, I say it is an instance of detestable taste, and Archæological Institutes are of no use unless they at least endeavour to stop such barbarism. The fall of the tower and spire of Chichester Cathedral, in February, 1861, was, I believe, owing to injudicious meddling; and these are precisely the cases in which an organized body of intelligent and well-read gentlemen may be of great service to the preservation of our ancient treasures.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A LOVER OF ANTIQUITY.

"OUR ROADS AS THEY ARE AND AS THEY OUGHT TO BE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In the able article recently inserted in your columns under the above heading, after referring to the late abolition of eighty-one metropolitan toll-bars, you very justly observe that "the moment is favourable for calling attention to our present barbarous process of road-making," and further alluding to the mode of operation, remark that "quantities of the hardest stone metal that can be procured are thrown down broadcast on our highways, and the owners of vehicles

are invited to make it a road at their own proper cost and trouble." "That sometimes for twenty, fifty, or one hundred yards, the traffic is obstructed, and vehicles come almost to a stand-still by reason of the newly-metalled surface. The increase of draft and waste of power are as great as if the carriages had to ascend the steepest mountain road." "These bits of *unmade road* are the terror of drivers, and have been the ruin of many a horse."

"That the springs of light and heavy vehicles often snap under the jerkings and thumpings caused by the broken stone metal."

"A few weeks ago the omnibus proprietors south of the Thames served one of the vestries with notice of action for damages for injuries of this description sustained by their vehicles in the Walworth-road—axles, tires, and wheels often gave way as well as springs."

You further suggest as a remedy for these evils the employment of the "steam-traction engine, which easily draws a load of from forty to sixty tons, to traverse incessantly the newly-metalled roads during the hours of the night and early morning until the surface becomes smooth."

This plan would, no doubt, be an improvement on the present defective method adopted in making and repairing our public roads, but it becomes a question whether something better than the ordinary macadam cannot be found as a substitute; and I would beg to invite the attention of your readers to a very efficient plan recently introduced, and which appears to supply most of the requirements necessary in forming a good and economical road without the inconveniences hitherto complained of.

It consists of a pavement formed in blocks, composed of small pieces of broken granite stone, with an admixture of a peculiarly tenacious, and impermeable cement of a bituminous nature, which, when laid down, resembles a well-consolidated macadamized road—with this advantage, that as no water can affect the material, it is not liable to be ground into mud or dust. It is also comparatively noiseless, very durable, and not at all slippery. It is consequently safer for horses and carriages, and the blocks afford great facilities for relaying gas and water mains.

Specimens of this pavement have been laid down in the Trafalgar-road, Greenwich, where they have been exposed to very heavy traffic for upwards of two years without requiring any repair, and are still in good condition, while the macadam immediately adjoining has been renewed six or eight times during each year at a very considerable cost. A specimen of the improved pavement is also existing in Lombard-street, of which the inhabitants and shopkeepers speak in the highest terms as regards its cleanliness, noiselessness, and safety for horses and vehicles. I am induced to trouble you with these remarks, hoping that by means of your powerful advocacy of reform in the present system of road-making, ratepayers and the public generally may be aroused to a due sense of their own interests, and a remedy be applied for a wide-spread and acknowledged evil.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

Great George-street, Westminster.

CIVIL ENGINEER.

P.S.—I enclose my card.

THE CHURCH.

LAY CHURCH PATRONAGE.

A FEW weeks ago a brief criticism appeared in our columns on a "Ducal living," which had been advertised for sale by auction. The remark we made was a most natural one; and we feel confident that similar thoughts must have occurred to every candid person who has read in the columns of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette* of advowsons, next presentations, exchanges, &c., for sale. The observation was to the effect that, since the destiny of this cure of souls was behind an inscrutable screen, which could not be lifted before the 28th of July, we were curious to know beforehand whether the next incumbent's sermons would be dry or witty, dull or brilliant, and whether they would be preached from a lithographed periodical at a cost of 13s. 6d. for the round dozen, or be the original compositions of this future incumbent himself. We certainly thought that this state of things as to livings in general, of which this particular living was only a sample, and the fact that the decision of the question whether the Rev. Mr. Shallow or the Rev. Mr. Excellent should be the future incumbent of a parish, depended on the bid, in an auction-room, of an additional £100, justified the remark we made, namely, "It is time that this scandal should be removed from the Church." This observation, so natural under the circumstances, has called forth, we find, the gentle censure and friendly criticism of a cotemporary journal of high character and large circulation in the religious world, the *Record*. To the criticism we cannot object; the gentle censure, we presume, will stand in favourable contrast to that species of eulogium which bears the name of "faint praise." The *Record* is of opinion that our words imply that lay patronage is to be condemned, that advowsons should not be saleable, and that we desire to exalt the power of the Bishops by placing all livings in their gift, and to exclude the laity from all exercise of Church patronage. We are happy to say that on all these points our cotemporary is mistaken. We most certainly would not concentrate all Church patronage in episcopal hands; we without hesitation accept lay patronage, in its lawful exercise as a trust, not only as an allowable privilege, but as a necessary element in Church existence; and under such proper limitations as would be calculated to prevent the traffic in souls, which has become the intolerable Church scandal of the day, we can see no objection to a sale of advowsons.

Such are our opinions; and we are glad of the opportunity of making a few observations on a subject of such growing importance to our Church at a time when, while attacked fiercely by enemies without, she manifests so many signs of spiritual life and activity within. The first point we insist on is, that Church patronage, of whatever kind it be—episcopal, lay, or private—is a *trust* involving the discharge of a sacred duty. It is further evident that this notion of a trust should never be allowed, if we would speak or write reasonably on the subject, to be set aside by the idea of a right of private property in the patronage, or be made subordinate to this right. The right of presentation to a living, being in any case a desirable privilege, cannot but have a monetary value, and as such it must be transferable; but this truth, so evident, should never be adduced to justify a patron traducing his patronage to his own private benefit, and in that sense treating it as *private* property. Another distinction it is well also to keep in mind; “lay” patronage is not identical with “private” patronage. A man may justly and naturally believe that lay patronage is a valuable and excellent agency, particularly needed as a counterpoise to episcopal power and influence, but, at the same time, may have very serious objection to placing so sacred a trust as that of the cure of souls at the disposal of single individuals. Patronage of this latter kind we would separate under the name of “private” from all others which, whether vested in Government, in bishops, colleges, deans and chapters, corporations, or trustees in any other form, partake of a “public” character. We do not mean to say that this public patronage is free from abuses. The nation, we too well know, is occasionally startled from its repose by the announcement of some flagrant instance of episcopal nepotism; and we, for one party, would be strongly opposed to strengthening the episcopal body by any new powers in addition to those they already possess. Chapters, colleges, and corporations, too, can have occasionally their favourites, whom they waft by personal influence and management into cozy parsonages; but the act of transfer in each such case has at least the advantage of a number of trustees, to give it the appearance of the exercise of an act of public trust. Besides, patronage of this kind rarely, if ever, leads to that shameless buying and selling of the cures of souls, in defiance of the laws of simony, which has latterly become so prevalent, and in justification of which one may even hear the most specious arguments adduced. Of all this crying evil the abuse of private patronage seems to be the most common source. We do not mean to say that there are not cases in which even private patronage may not be the most desirable channel through which a parish may be provided with a clergyman. A duke or a marquess, any large landed proprietor, or an owner of a town or village, is a natural local guardian to whom a duty of this kind may be safely entrusted. No person can doubt that, as a general rule, patronage in the hands of noblemen of the stamp of the Earl of Derby, Lord Palmerston, the Earl of Shaftesbury, or the Duke of Manchester, whose living, lately sold, has called forth these remarks, is honestly dispensed.

The difficulty is not, then, in lay patronage, or even private patronage, but in the manner and the circumstances under which patronage is, under the existing law, transferred. A nobleman may exercise his trust conscientiously and right nobly in his day; but let him once advertise his advowson for sale, who can tell into what hands it may fall, and for what uses? It is a fact that the number of livings of which clergymen are both the patrons and incumbents is on the increase. How is this to be accounted for? Any person can answer this question by looking at the columns of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*. However unfortunate the race of curates may be on their paltry £75 or £100 a-year, and however the competition of other professions may be yearly diminishing the supply of candidates for the ministry, curates have this one chance on their side, that they are in great favour with young unmarried ladies. An unmarried curate of good conduct, tolerably good appearance and manners, and with even a minimum of “brains,” may fairly speculate on securing a fair partner for life, an item in whose dower may turn out to be a five or a ten thousand pounds to purchase a next presentation in order to transfer the happy husband from the state of curatedom to the position of a dignified incumbent. And the opportunities of turning these sums to such good account will not be few and far between. For a sample, let the novice husband turn to the advertising columns of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, just published, for the present month. There he will find a long list of “next presentations,” with most desirable ages of the present incumbents—eighty-seven, eighty-five, eighty-three, and so on down to sixty-five—at all prices from a few hundreds to thousands. If he desires an advowson, and can spare a round £10,000, he can have, in the midst of the *élite* of society of this great Metropolis, “a fashionable West-end Chapel,” with net income over £1,200 a year; or, for a similar sum, he can secure an eligible parish in South Devon of £700 a year, with a handsome residence. Is an open traffic of this kind, in which parishes are bought and sold, with less control by superior authorities than colonelcies in Her Majesty’s Service, consistent with the character of a Christian Church?

What mean the six hundred livings in the “Clergy List,” the patron and incumbent of each one of which is one and the same individual? To these livings we shall return at a future day, with a view to an analysis of the classes into which they may be subdivided, and to give an account of the steady growth of their numbers. Here only we shall ask, is it likely that an honest man could succeed in reconciling as to a very large number of them the double capacity of patron and incumbent with the ecclesiastical obligations imposed by the law of Simony? To a large class of

these livings we make no objection—there are some which have belonged to old families, and into the possession of which their present incumbents have come by inheritance. As to these, even the insinuation of Simony could not for a moment be maintained. To private patronage, then, of this kind, as well as lay patronage generally, we have no objection. But we do think that, in an age of ecclesiastical reforms, some salutary changes might well be introduced into the law by which Church patronage is transferred, which would tend to mitigate, even though they were powerless to prevent altogether, the evils which have become a sore scandal to the Church, and a stumbling-block dangerous to their faith in the way of many of her members.

BISHOPS GRAY AND COLENSO.

On what theory of rational motives are we to account for the latest doings of Bishop Gray in the diocese of Natal? We seriously doubt if they are characterized by the wisdom and ordinary caution which should regulate the proceedings of a metropolitan exercising his functions in a judicial capacity. No one can for a moment imagine that we are in the slightest degree favourably inclined to Dr. Colenso, or that we could look on his deposition in any light but that of a righteous retribution. To our minds the Bishop of Natal’s little finger is thicker, in an heretical sense, than the seven loins all put together of the seven writers of “Essays and Reviews;” and we cannot possibly conceive how any ecclesiastical tribunal, even the Judicial Committee, could hesitate as to ejecting him from his diocese, were the state of the law only to allow them. But not the less anxious should we be, on that account, to make sure that nothing be done which could in the slightest degree mar or throw contempt on the legal proceedings which have been instituted. Bishop Gray has discharged a solemn duty in pronouncing his sentence of deposition; and the friends of the Church have reason to thank him for the promptitude with which he has thus set the machinery of the law in motion. But why not, so far as he is concerned, let the matter for the present rest there, now that Dr. Colenso has appealed, not as to the legality of the sentence, but on the question of *jurisdiction*? While the decision of this point is pending, what is to be gained by the fuss which the Bishop and the eleven Natal clergy are making about the presumed vacant diocese? By the late accounts from the Cape it seems that Dr. Gray has been to Natal; he has had a conference with the Natal clergy; he has read an address; and this has been responded to by an address on the other side. There was naturally, and not unjustly, prevailing in the Conference a strong animus against the Bishop of Natal; the whole question was treated as if no doubt could possibly exist as to the right of appeal to the questions of jurisdiction. There can be no appeal from the Metropolitan’s sentence, thinks Bishop Gray, except to the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Privy Council, to whom Dr. Colenso has referred the question, is, in his opinion, legally precluded from dealing with it. The eleven clergy pledge themselves that they will, under no circumstances, again recognize Dr. Colenso as their bishop; Dr. Gray approves of this resolution, and says some startling things about mountain-tops, river-sides, caves and dens of the earth, should the Judicial Committee presume to pronounce an adverse judgment.

Now all this is assuredly very weak and very unwise. Should it really happen—and it is by no means impossible, as we have shown (LONDON REVIEW, Dec. 19, 1863)—that, through a defect in the law, Dr. Colenso cannot be deposed from his see, all these premature proceedings will look very small indeed; and these eleven clergy, with Bishop Gray, will find themselves placed in a very awkward predicament. There will, in fact, be no other course open to the Natal clergy in such a case but to be true to their pledges, and to carry the following advice of the Bishop of Capetown into immediate execution:—“But, if it were so, your course is plain. Christians have, before now, been driven to worship on the mountain tops or by the river-side, in dens and caves of the earth. I believe there is faith and zeal enough among yourselves, if driven to it, to do the same.” Can it be possible that Dr. Gray here recommends organized opposition to the constituted authorities of the Church, and a schismatic separation from her bosom of a portion of the province of which he is Metropolitan? If he does, we regret it sincerely; but we must be prepared in that case to expect hearing of some of the scenes of the old Scottish covenant being re-enacted in Natal; and Dr. Colenso had better be prepared lest some African Jenny Geddes be ready with a three-legged stool to give him a warm reception on his re-appearance in church on the occasion of his next return to his diocese.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD’S HETERODOXY.

MORE than one reputation seems to be in danger of breaking down under the difficulties of Inspiration. We have already alluded to the case of the Archbishop of York and the “Layman;” but how surprised will the public be to learn that the next distinguished individual to come before them, weighed down with the imputation of an unsound faith, is Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford! In fact, Dr. Wilberforce attempted, at the congress of his clergy held at Oxford on Monday and Tuesday last, to define Inspiration, and he has broken down in the effort. An “Oxfordshire Rector” has written to the *Record*, describing the sensation created by the Bishop’s explanations. He says:—“Many of the

clergy felt startled to find that one of those who were foremost to denounce Dr. Colenso and the Essayists, appeared to endorse the truth of the principles which they advocate." He further tells us that there was considerable discussion on his lordship's remarks on both days. So far as we can understand the accounts, Dr. Wilberforce's theory amounts to this, that the anomalies of Holy Writ are owing to what he calls "indirect revelation." He says that the writers of the New Testament were in some cases conscious, and in others not conscious, of the meaning of the message they delivered. In the latter case the writers may have varied the rendering of their messages, and thus introduced a human element into Scripture. These writers might even have erred from the want of the power of comprehension incident to humanity. The result of all is that the messages from Heaven may not have been "verbally transmitted." We shall say no more. The case is a clear one, if the accounts correctly represent the Bishop's opinions. We sincerely hope and trust they do not.

MESSRS. WATMUFF & CO.

A MEETING was held in the village of Harden on Monday last in order to clear the Messrs. Watmuff & Co. of the charges of "bigotry," "tyranny," and "persecution" which have been brought against them in reference to the Church children employed in their factories. If the meeting has really succeeded in disproving the allegations which have been everywhere published, the Messrs. Watmuff are entitled to the fullest measure of justice from the press. But of this we have some serious doubts, and we think that further explanation is necessary. Mr. John Jeffrey said that "the present disturbance arose from Mr. Watmuff's love of principle and straightforward conduct." Now this is exactly what the world has thought, at least as to the "love of principle." Mr. Hustler, school-master, stated that "Mr. Watmuff posted no notices stating that all who attended Church schools should leave." This is not to the point. The charge might be true, and yet no such notices be ever posted. Mr. Heaton said that "none of the workpeople who went to Dissenting bodies had lost their situations." This we can quite believe; and it is what might be expected on the supposition of persecution. One man, however, Nathan Thomas, who spoke from a seat in the gallery, declared that "the foreman told him that Mr. Watmuff had said that he would not have any workers who went to Church or to the Church schools." The accounts we have read do not state that any reply was made to Nathan. Mr. Watmuff may well exclaim, "Save me from my friends!"

MANNA IN THE DESERT.—Sir Roderick Murchison announces a fall of manna in Asia Minor. His informant, M. Haidinger, states that he has received a portion of this manna, which fell with a gust of rain at Charput. It is a lichen which is formed in the steppes of the Kurghis, and is often carried in these falls far to the west, across the Caspian. The grains, which are always perfectly detached, have much of the form of a raspberry or mulberry, and are found frequently to be attached to a stony support of granite, sandstone, and lime. This manna is ground into flour, and baked into bread, and is known among the Turks by the name of *kerderthoghdash*, which means wonder-corn or grain. It contains more than sixty-five per cent. of oxalate of lime, and twenty-five of amylaceous matter.

THE TURKISH MISSIONS.—The *Levant Herald* states that the missionary difficulty in Constantinople has been arranged. The free sale of Bibles in book-stores is permitted, but not their colportage about the capital, nor the sale of controversial works attacking Mahomedanism. Full liberty is given to the mission agents to preach to all visitors to their chapels and meeting-rooms, but not in the khans and other public places. The native converts under arrest are, for their own protection, and as a precaution against popular excitement, to be removed temporarily from the capital, the Porte providing for their families in their absence. This exile of the converts is considered the least satisfactory part of the arrangement.

THE MORMONS IN LONDON.—The Mormons seem to be mustering in strength in London at present. On Sunday special meetings of these extraordinary people were held in the Music Hall, Store-street, which was densely crowded throughout the day, owing to the fact that such celebrities as Mr. Brigham Young, jun., and President Orson Pratt, with other apostles from the holy city, had arrived from America and were present. We presume and fear that this movement will be followed by an accession to the Mormon ranks of a large number of malcontents from the British matrimonial world.

RETURN OF JEWS TO PALESTINE.—A number of Hebrew families, consisting in all of 187 persons, emigrating from Barbary to Palestine, arrived at Gibraltar on the 22nd ult. in the British schooner, *Eduardo*, from Mazagan, and were transferred to the British steamer, *Araxes*, which left the same night for Alexandria.

BISHOP TROWER OF GIBRALTAR.—Dr. Trower has been at Athens, and has had an interview with the Metropolitan of the Greek Church, Theophilus, with whom it seems he joined in the ceremony of "kissing with the lips on the lips." The Bishop expressed much satisfaction at the case of union between three independent churches, which was presented on an occasion in which he preached in the British Chapel, in which the service was conducted by a bishop consecrated in Scotland, now a bishop of the Church of England in Gibraltar, and by a Presbyter ordained in America. The friendly interview with Theophilus approaches in a degree to a fourth element of union.

MORE KIDNAPPING OF JEWISH CHILDREN IN ROME.—A letter from Rome, published in a French newspaper, states that a Jewish boy, named Michael Cohen, ten years of age, has recently been kidnapped

by a priest, with the view of being Christianized. The priest went to the boy's father, a shoemaker, to get a pair of shoes mended, and when the repairs were completed the boy was ordered to carry them, accompanied by the priest, to the home of the latter. Instead of going home, the priest went straight to the "Catechumeni" and left the boy there, who protested in vain, and, with tears and cries, asked to be sent home to his master or parents. The latter were soon apprised of the affair, but all their efforts to have their son released, or even to see him, were vain. The Israelite community at Rome complained to the authorities, but without success, being told that the saving of a soul was a matter of far greater importance than the rights of a father.

A NEW ROMISH CHURCH AND COLLEGE IN OXFORD.—A Mr. Ambrose Smith, hop merchant, of Oxford, has just purchased the site of the old Oxford workhouse, near Worcester College, comprising nearly five acres of land, for £8,000. Mr. Smith is a Roman Catholic gentleman; and it is generally stated that this ground is intended for the erection of large buildings, including a college, church, priests' house, and most likely a monastery.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSION AT COLOGNE.—Last week the city of Cologne celebrated a grand religious *fête* in honour of the 700th anniversary of the translation of the relics of the Three Magi from Milan to Cologne. During the week sixty processions, several of which, such as those from Bohn, Aix-la-Chapelle, Crefeld, Dusseldorf, &c., consisted of from 2,500 to 3,000 persons, visited the Cathedral, where the relics of the Magi and of several other saints were exposed in their costly shrines. In all, more than 100,000 pilgrims visited the city, which was splendidly decorated for the solemnity. The Bishops of Mayence, Munster, and Paderborn, and an immense number of clergy, took part in the *fête*.

CHARGE OF PLAGIARISM AGAINST A SCOTCH MINISTER.—Charges have been preferred, before the Established Presbytery of Glasgow, against the Rev. Wm. Porteous, minister at Innellan, for plagiarism. He is charged with having printed a memoir of the Rev. John Johnstone, assistant-minister at Redgorton, the thoughts, language, and substance thereof being knowingly, wilfully, and furtively appropriated by him from a memoir of the late Rev. Wm. Archer Butler, by the Very Rev. Thomas Woodward, M.A., Dean of Down; and with having circulated a sermon entitled "The New Creation," the thoughts, language, and substance of which were knowingly taken, in whole or in part, from two sermons by the late Rev. W. A. Butler, and from a lecture by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton. There are other charges against him, and he is to appear at the next meeting of the Presbytery, in September, to answer them.

RELIGION IN DENMARK.—The special correspondent of the *Times* gives a singular account of the state of religious feeling in Denmark. The Danes are admitted to be one of the very best people in the world, upright and sober, singularly free from violent crime, hospitable, cheerful, and kind. They pay, however, it would appear, but little attention to the externals of religion, rarely go to church, never dissent from the established form of worship, and care nothing whatever for ecclesiastical discussions. The clergy are few, the churches poor and scanty, and only opened apparently for one service a week.

THE HARP IN CHURCH CHOIRS.—It is stated, on the authority of the *Court Journal*, that the harp, one of the most historical of instruments, is about to be introduced into Church of England choirs. Several prelates of authority have considered the point involved most favourably, and musicians are at one as to the solemn and beautiful effect it will have in occasional accompaniment.

CATHEDRAL REVENUES.—By the new Act, just printed, to substitute fixed instead of fluctuating revenues in certain of the cathedral churches in England, lands and hereditaments may be transferred by cathedral corporations to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for money payments.

DIOCESE OF HURON—OXFORD DECLARATION.—At a synod of the diocese of Huron lately held, Bishop Cronyn and his clergy gave in their adhesion to the Oxford Declaration, which has been already signed by the rest of the Church of Canada. A clause was, however, added on the subject of justification by faith.

RELIGIOUS CENSUS OF HOLLAND.—The returns of the last census of the population of Holland represent the numbers of the religious denominations to be as follows:—Dutch Reformed, 1,808,311; Walloon Reformed, 9,689; Remonstrants, 5,270; Christian Separatists, 63,470; Baptists, 41,863; Evangelical Lutherans, 54,318; Restored Lutherans, 9,822; Moravians, 334; Anglo-Catholics, 576; Roman Catholics, 1,225,171; Old Catholics or Jansenists, 5,337; Jews, 63,500; without definite creed, &c., 3,000 or 4,000.

FINE ARTS.

THE ART-UNION EXHIBITION.

To read the report of the Art-Union, one might suppose that all the advance of the arts, in whatever direction in this country, for the last quarter of a century, was due to the efforts of the Council of this Society, and the great influence exercised by the means which they adopt. Thus we see claimed for the society the earliest suggestions for the improvement of the manufactures of the country as to design; in textile fabrics, in furniture generally, in metal work, ceramics, and so on. The Art-Union, or perhaps we ought to say their secretaries, are rather disposed to plume themselves upon having contributed so largely to provide "a cultivated," and therefore appreciative, public for true artists. They ignore, with a glorious kind of egotism, all that literature and general culture has been doing during this time. Even the "noble wall-pictures now on the eve of completion in the Palace of Westminster

ster" are only in response to the call of the Art-Union, so long and ardently sustained, "for the union of painting with architecture, by the adornment of large spaces in public situations by the best painters;" the report winding up with the following rather profound eulogy of art:—

"Art, let it be remembered, is something more than the simple imitation of physical nature—it is inspired by thought, includes thought. A picture is a translation of nature by the mind of the producer; and much the world owes to the artist who translates it well. It goes to establish the supremacy of mind over matter. It is a triumph of mind. And what triumphs can be nobler than those of the mind—triumphs that injure none, but, while adding to the fame and fortune of the artist, tend to the glory and advantage of the country?"

This may be all very well to say, it is certainly very harmless, and we can have no objection to the Hon. Secretaries riding the high horse, if it pleases them; only we ask where are the proofs of cultivated taste? Are they to be found in the pictures now exhibited as the choice and preference of the prizeholders at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists? If so, then we are sorry to confess that those pictures, works of art they must be called, display a melancholy condition, both of the artist's mind and the public taste. There is positively not one example among the highest-priced works which can be esteemed a fine work of art in its class. The great majority of the pictures are evidently of that order which are produced by painters who paint to live, and not who live to paint. These, which form the staple commodity for the Art-Union prizeholders, contradict in the most glaring and irrelevant manner the assumption maintained in the report as to the cultivation and improvement of the public and the artists. There are some rather large pictures in this collection, impossible to be overlooked, which simply tell how much the painter has fallen off from his work of twenty years ago—pitiable efforts of a failing hand that could only be purchased out of respect for the man, not for the art.

Why, most of these pictures are precisely of that sort devoid of thought, which the "report" before us stigmatizes as "ruinous to art." We are told "artists should be paid for thinking. Pictures that can be understood at a glance do little service to art. If writing for a cursory perusal by those who run has been the bane of literature in our time, so painting without thought, the products therefore requiring no thought, is ruinous to art." We should say that most of these pictures have occupied the mind of the painters about as much as the work of the Sheffield knife-grinder occupies his. Ask any one of these artists whether he cares for his work, and he will tell you in his own phraseology how he only regards them as "pot-boilers."

And this, after all, is how the Art-Union regards them. Only let us have a little less grandiloquence about the glory of the country, and the triumphs of mind over matter, and really one may see less to object to in the line of promoting the fine arts which the Art-Union takes up. It may be kind and good to create a market for feeble artists who were probably born to be first-rate clerks, it may foster a certain liking for pictures to disseminate widely engravings of popular subjects; but to assume that the higher aims and purposes of art are accomplished by these means is quite too much; indeed, we may retort, that the bane of art in this country has been, and is, the manufacturing of pictures which minister not to taste but the silly vanity of people who associate pictures with the wish of being esteemed like and equal to those above them in the social scale. Thousands buy pictures and subscribe to the Art-Unions (for success has created more than one) as a cheap way of completing the furniture of their rooms.

In trying to influence the feeling for art by outline illustrations the society have certainly done some good things, especially in publishing the set in illustration of Tennyson's "Idylls," by Signor Prioli, the result of a very interesting competition, which we observe with regret is not repeated. In place of these this year we have a set of rather commonplace and Germanised drawings, in outline, of the "Ancient Mariner," from Mr. Noel Paton's pencil. The small works in sculpture, especially the picturesque little group by Mr. Durham, the bronze statuette in the more important style of Mr. Foley's "Caractacus" are also good instances of the better taste of the directors of the society, and are, in our opinion, more calculated to exercise an improving influence over the public taste. As to the sculpture competition, we fear it cannot be adduced as at all favourable, either to such modes of obtaining good examples of the art, or as tending to elevate sculpture from its present degraded condition. It will be remembered that the different statues were exhibited at South Kensington, and that the award fell to Mr. C. B. Birch for his model of the "Wood Nymph," which is now being carved in marble to form a great prize in some future year.

The subscription for the year amounts to £12,469. 16s., and the reserve fund of the Art-Union is now £11,549, which is "to place the society upon a more solid and permanent foundation." This being explained means a building and meeting-hall, which, under such direction, we may expect to be a *chef-d'œuvre* of architecture and decorative art.

MUSIC.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S series of promenade concerts commenced, for the fourth season, on Monday; the Royal Italian Opera-house being, as on the previous occasions, converted into a gigantic con-

cert room for the purpose. The magnificent band of one hundred performers, selected from the orchestras of the Royal Italian Opera and the Musical Society of London, is alone a sufficient attraction to draw crowds of shilling visitors to hear the mixture of classical and popular music of which the programmes consist. The instrumental performances, moreover, are varied by the vocal solos of Madlle. Carlotta Patti, whose brilliant execution and sharp staccato passages seem to have an increased fascination for the wondering crowd, although the pieces which she sings are among the most familiar materials of her somewhat limited *repertoire*. Mr. Carrodus, in a mechanically difficult but musically weak solo by Ernst, displayed very high executive powers as a violinist; and Madlle. Marie Krebs, a very young lady from Dresden, proved herself a pianist of great promise. She has force, delicacy, and certainty of touch, with general refinement of style, and should be heard in better music than the poor Fantasia, which she performed on this occasion. The new instrument introduced (the Turkophone) and performed on by a gentleman (Ali Ben Sou-Alle) in Oriental costume, appeared to be a brass instrument with a reed, the tone bearing some resemblance to that of a clarinet, but somewhat more muffled in quality, and with even less variety of expression. The performer showed great skill in the management of his instrument, which, however, does not seem destined to take any very special place in the orchestra. Mr. Levy's cornet-playing also deserves a word of praise for skill in execution and beauty of tone. The performance of the band was generally excellent, especially in Beethoven's noble "Leonora" overture, and various other pieces, including a portion of Mr. Barnett's new symphony, already noticed by us on its production by the Musical Society of London. The new quadrille from Gounod's "Mirella" is a distortion of some of the most charming and graceful subjects from that opera to dance purposes, by alterations of rhythm and transformations and dislocations, that such music should be exempt from. The process, however, has been applied to many works of higher order, so that there is at least the authority of example to justify it. Mr. Mellon promises the usual special "classical" nights, as well as the occasional performance of glees and part-songs by a choir; so that there are quantity and variety enough to satisfy all tastes, and sufficient to promise a success at least equal to that of any previous season.

Her Majesty's Theatre closes to-night, having, as usual at this establishment, prolonged its season beyond the ordinary limits by a series of supplemental nights at cheap prices. Nothing has occurred there during the past fortnight calling for notice, beyond Mr. Santley's first assumption of the part of the Duke in "Lucrezia Borgia," and of Enrico Aston in "Lucia di Lammermoor"—in both which characters that excellent artist sang with his usual force and finish, and that increased histrionic power which he has so rapidly acquired. The performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, since its opening on April 9, have been marked by two events of high musical interest, the production of two operas entirely new to the English public—Nicolai's "Falstaff" ("Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor") and Gounod's latest production, "Mirella" ("Mireille"). The first-named work, some twenty years old, would probably have been produced in this country long since, but for the difficulty of finding a fit representative of Falstaff. Herr Schmid, who was engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, is celebrated in the part abroad, and would probably have played it at that establishment had not his unfortunate illness interfered with his career there. The representative of the part at Her Majesty's Theatre, Signor Junca, although a clever artist, failed to seize the humour of the character, and gave the music in so ponderous and cold a manner as to deprive it of much of its effect. Notwithstanding the grace and finish of the music, and the sprightly representation of the two merry wives by Mdle. Titiens and Mdle. Bettelheim, and the general excellence of the performance, the opera met with but a lukewarm reception. There is a charm in the music, however, which should cause it to grow in favour with repeated performances. Gounod's new opera has so recently been noticed by us, that we need only briefly revert to the fact of its containing much beautiful music, of that refined and dreamy character which distinguishes its composer's "Faust," allied to a drama of length disproportioned to its stage interest. With omissions and curtailments, reducing "Mirella" to a three-act opera, it should keep the stage, although it can never rival "Faust" in popular favour. The chief revival of importance has been "Fidelio," with Mdle. Titiens as the heroine. This lady's performance, while displaying many and high merits, excelled rather in the energetic and demonstrative passages, than in those of tenderness and pathos; and the same may be said of her Reiza, in "Oberon," also reproduced here. Both operas suffer much from the Italian law of converting the dialogue into recitative. The two novelties promised—Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" and Wagner's "Tannhäuser"—have been postponed *sine die*. In the first case there is little to regret; in the second, it were to be wished that the English public should, ere this, have had an opportunity of judging for themselves of the merits of an earnest and conscientious composer who has had to contend against much predetermined opposition. Possibly, however, next season may fulfil the promise of this, for which the unexpected substitution of Gounod's new opera was a very ample atonement. Of new appearances there have been few of any "mark or likelihood." Signor Junca, already referred to as an inefficient Falstaff, created a much more favourable impression as Bertram, in "Robert," and still further advanced his position by his excellent performance of the father in "Mirella."

Signor Varese, who appeared in his original part of *Rigoletto*, did not remain long enough to reap much advantage from the success of his powerful performance. Mdlle. Vitali, in the same opera, achieved a moderate success, and the same may be said of Mdlle. Sinico, in "*La Traviata*," and of Signor Gunz, as Florestan in "*Fidelio*;" and Madame Harriers Wipperf, by her few performances, prepared the way for further success next season. But scarcely so much can be said of several other first appearances of artists who will probably not be heard of again. The establishment is rich in possession of an admirable quintett of solo voices—Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Trebelli, Signor Giuglini, Signor Gardoni, and Mr. Santley; reinforced by such meritorious artists as Mdlle. Volpini, Signors Bettini, Gassier, Bossi, and others; but it cannot be said to have gained any very valuable new accessions this season; the musical interest of which, however, has been great, owing to the production of the new operas already referred to. The band and chorus were in excellent training, under their energetic and pains-taking conductor, Signor Ardit, who, however, would do well to modify the exuberant zeal of the brass instruments, which frequently produce more noise than music.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

ALTHOUGH Drury Lane is closed, Mr. Fechter and the Lyceum silent, and the little Strand only thinking of next season, the theatres which still keep open find it difficult to gather together such an audience as will keep the performers in countenance. The season of actors' benefits which always sets in at this time gives an occasional fictitious air of prosperity to orchestra stalls and dress circles; but beyond this, until we shall have advanced well into the month of September, theatrical novelty may be considered at an end.

Mr. T. J. Williams, whose somewhat weak farce of "*Ici on Parle Français*" had, thanks to the droll acting of Mr. Toole, a long run at the Adelphi, produced another farce at that theatre on Monday last, with the title of "*My Wife's Maid*." The piece was successful; but the elements of fun employed in its construction are so thoroughly hackneyed that it might be supposed that nothing but a profound conviction that dramatic invention is completely exhausted could have driven the author to adopt them. When a glance at the playbill shows us that Captain Crackthorpe Cruncher is a prominent character in the "new and original" composition, the experienced playgoer can be at no loss to know what to expect. Who does not know that this gentleman will wear short cropped black hair, a fierce black moustache, and the no less fierce abruptly terminating whiskers, facetiously designated "mutton chops;" that he will be attired in a stiff military surtout, closely buttoned up, with much braid upon the breast; that he will bluster and bully and be insanely jealous without cause; and that he will terrify weak young gentlemen out of their lives, and make even strong ones jump with his loud exclamation of, "Well, Tomkins, my boy, how are you, Tomkins?" A very brief sketch of the plot of "*My Wife's Maid*" will suffice. The scene takes place in a drawing-room in the house of Mrs. Whiffleton (Mrs. H. Lewis), whither Mr. Lysimachus Tootles (Mr. Toole), a young man with romantic tendencies, is sent by his father, Tootles, senior (Mr. Paul Bedford), to make court to Lucinda Whiffleton (Miss Seaman), whom the prosaic-minded Tootles, sen., has selected as an eligible match for his son. Tootles, jun., however, has no inclination for the father's choice. He has recently met, in Battersea Park, a highly romantic young woman whose true name is Barbara Perkins (Mrs. Mellon), but who has declared herself to Tootles under the high-sounding appellation of Evelina Mountpaddington. Tootles, in his turn, ashamed of his plebeian name, has palmed himself off as Augustus de Ravensbourne, a young man of aristocratic connections and large expectations. Captain Crackthorpe Cruncher (Mr. R. Phillips), a neighbour of Mrs. Whiffleton, being at the house on a visit, Tootles weakly makes him a confidant of his love adventure in Battersea Park; and a very minute description of the lady's attire, and of certain ornaments worn by her on the occasion, convinces the fire-eating captain that the lady pretending, to the absurd name of Evelina Mountpaddington is no other than his wife. His furious jealousy is accordingly brought down upon the wretched Tootles. Meanwhile, Tootles's romantic dreams have been rudely shaken by the discovery of the beautiful Mountpaddington actually waiting behind his chair at table, and flitting through the drawing-rooms in a white apron. In fact, Miss Mountpaddington is no other than Barbara Perkins, Major Cruncher's servant, who has been lent to Mrs. Whiffleton for the occasion, and whose passion for surreptitiously attiring herself in her mistress's apparel and ornaments, and holding romantic converse with sympathetic young gentlemen in Battersea Park, have led to all the mischief. The discovery of some of these ornaments upon her satisfies the captain, while both Tootles and Barbara, cured of their follies, resolve to marry their original lovers.

The fun of the farce was almost entirely dependent upon the extravagant melodramatic action of Mr. Toole and Mrs. Mellon, the drollery of which was heightened by the continual necessity for suddenly relapsing into prose. Like "*Ici on Parle Français*," the farce is, we believe, of French origin. Mr. Paul Bedford, who had been absent from the stage for a short time on account of a severe domestic affliction, was greeted by the audience with a warm recognition, and Mr. R. Phillips, who is a painstaking and a rising actor, did much to reconcile us to a hackneyed part by the energy with which he performed the part of the conspicuous Cruncher.

A LETTER from Rome in the *Monde* states that Pius IX., at an audience which he lately gave to Listz, the pianist, expressed a wish to hear him play. An instrument had been placed in the throne-room, and the great artist produced an extraordinary effect. After each piece the Pope gave the signal for applause, and afterwards warmly complimented the artist.

THE directors of the French Opera have prohibited all the actresses from wearing crinoline when on the stage.

SCIENCE.

At a late meeting of the French Academy, MM. De Vry and Alluard read a very interesting paper on the subject of a new method of detecting impurities in alkaloids. Their experiments were principally made on specimens of quinine, and consisted in the examination of polarized light which had been transmitted through the crystals. On comparing the best quinine of commerce with pure alkaloid prepared by themselves, they found, as might be anticipated, that the polariscope revealed the presence of impurities when in too small proportions to be detected by ordinary chemical processes. The reason the experiments were performed was that MM. Vry and Alluard had found that M. Bouchardat's determinations were erroneous.

That indefatigable physicist, Mr. Charles Tomlinson, has been making a new series of investigations into the movements of chemical substances when in films upon the surface of water. Eugenic acid is the compound which has most recently been the subject of his inquiries. He finds that when a drop of this liquid is placed on the surface of two fluid ounces of distilled water, in a glass capsule two and a half inches in diameter, it forms what is termed a *cohesion figure*, consisting of a flattened disk of about $\frac{1}{10}$ ths or $\frac{1}{20}$ ths of an inch in diameter, which sails about on the surface of the water with a vibrating motion of the edge, not nearly so vigorous as the disk of creosote under similar circumstances. The Eugenic acid disk often splits up into two or three smaller disks, which revolve round each other, and as they become smaller move more rapidly, and at length disappear in wild gyrations. The manner in which the disk is disposed of by solution, is by throwing off a number of films in rapid succession, which are taken up by the water as fast as they are formed. In this way a repellant action exists all round the disk, which action is at first tolerably equal in all directions, but by exposure to the air certain points of the edge of the disk become resinified, and cease to give off films. The latter phenomenon then determines a very remarkable set of currents, which may easily be demonstrated by the employment of *Lycopodium*.

Some more relics of the fossil elephant of Malta have been discovered by Dr. Leith Adams, F.G.S., in extensive excavations which have been made, under his superintendence, among the cavern-deposits and breccias of Crendi. One of the chief points with reference to the elephant in question, is the small size of its teeth, which, coupled with other characteristics, leaves no doubt that it was not only distinct from any living or extinct species, but that it was, as regards dimensions, a pigmy compared with them. It is supposed to have been no larger than a lion. Such specimens, together with the bones and teeth of *Hippopotami*, &c., which of late years have been met with in great abundance in different parts of Malta and Gozo, tend to show that these islands are but fragments of what may, at one time, have been an extensive continent, in all probability connected with either Europe or Africa, or both.

Some important particulars of the fall of an *aérolite* at Inly, near Trebizond, have been given by Herr Haidinger, of Vienna. The body fell in an easterly direction at about three o'clock in the morning of December 10, 1863, with a terrific noise resembling the discharge of hundreds of cannon. Pieces supposed to have belonged to the *aérolite* have been forwarded to Vienna, but from an examination of them it would seem that their origin is of a terrestrial character.

Every man of science in the kingdom will hail with satisfaction the news of Sir Charles Lyell's elevation to the Baronetcy. The great geologist is now Baronet of Kinnordy, in the county of Forfar. The honour conferred on him is, we believe, the highest recognition of merit ever bestowed on a geologist in this country, but one which falls far short of the deserts of the "Historian of Geology."

Professor Agassiz is determined to make his Natural History Museum in Cambridge, U.S., the most useful as well as magnificent collection in the world. We learn that, during the past year, no less than 73,000 specimens of animals have been added to the museum. But this is not all; of those animals, which, from their minute size and delicacy of structure, it is impossible to exhibit specimens, enlarged and accurate diagrams are made and placed in conspicuous localities. The professor observes, "Many hundreds of these diagrams have already been made by my friend Mr. Bourkhardt, some of which are now on exhibition in the museum; and in a few weeks every available space in our public rooms will be occupied by those which thus far have remained in portfolios. This will greatly add to the interest of our collections and form a novel feature in the museum, which I have no doubt will soon be imitated by others." We understand that this institution has a grant of 10,000 dols. from the Government of Massachusetts for an illustrated catalogue, which is already "in the press."

Dr. Welwitsch, the African traveller, has now been several months in London arranging his botanical collections, which are without doubt the most important and extensive ever made in the

tropical parts of Western Africa. He is being assisted by various botanists, among whom we may mention the names of Sir W. T. Hooker, Dr. Schott, Dr. Seemann, and Dr. Müller.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE PANIC.

THAT the "prophets prophecy falsely" is at this moment fairly impressed on the minds of all who have had occasion to watch the money market, or have yet to decide upon the investment of their capital.

The causes affecting the money market are so numerous, and in many instances so latent or remote, that experienced men who have ventured to write in a prophetic spirit must admit that their opinions must have been as often wrong as right. But in these days the uncertainty of the future—that is, of any distant future—is without doubt much greater than at any former period of commercial prosperity. Business is good, and for the most part sound; profits are large, and new sources of wealth are opened up in all directions. Money is unusually dear, and trade has already, for a long period, had to sustain extremely high rates of interest. At the same time, extraordinary facilities for developing and carrying through large and highly profitable transactions, have been multiplied, the temptation to undertake undue risks has been very great, so that in forming our opinions we have to contend with the complete change which has come over the views of business men since the establishment of the large financial companies.

If a crash at an early date be avoided, it is only because symptoms of the squeeze have been long felt, and everyone who had resources to fall back upon began to provide, at the first sign, against the dangers of a storm. The managers and directors of our banks and leading finance companies have seen the danger, and it is their own fault if they allow the institutions over which they watch to suffer. That imprudence has of late widely spread, and that bad times are ahead, is a pretty generally received opinion; nor is this impression likely to be weakened by the recent discovery that the value in the market of some descriptions of bank shares has only been sustained by the loans which the banks have been induced to make on their respective stocks. Since it is perfectly well known that many companies formed within the last year or two for general purposes are thoroughly unsound, and that more than one large concern has been handed over to a company at a high premium, at a time when they were hopelessly insolvent, and so reduced as only with difficulty to be able to pay the weekly wages, it will not surprise any one if there be much misery in store for unfortunate shareholders. As calls come on, and the rotten state of affairs becomes apparent, a general rush to get out may be expected, and the good and bad alike must for a time suffer. The panic will be severe and lasting, in proportion as the confidence which exists has been elastic in duration and extent. We have heard the cry of "Wolf!" pretty often lately, and some sanguine people are disposed to think the cry of danger implied by these fluctuations in the money market a false one. This is a great mistake; the danger exists. It may be immediate, or may even yet be long deferred; but come when it may, sooner or later, there must be a more or less complete interruption to the ordinary course of business, and a downward tendency in the prices of all stocks—in other words, a panic. The longer its arrival is delayed the more intense will be its character, and the more severely will it be felt.

These panics always come in cycles, and the next may be expected at any time between now and 1867. The sooner it comes the better, as until it has passed the present uneasy feeling which is almost universal amongst capitalists and investors will continue to exist. There may, possibly, be reaction, and the usual reductions in the rate of interest, when new crops of companies of all kinds may be produced, but unless the ability of financial companies and banks be as powerful to prevent as it has been to promote speculation, a recurrence of these short panics may be looked for until the final crash shall have purged the money-market by the ruin of all weak and unwise investors, after which the usual return of cheap money and cautious business habits will prevail for a season. One of the most significant facts of the present period is the continued depression of consols. This is probably to be accounted for by the extending influence of the principle of limited liability. The most cautious men are now to be found as large holders in finance and other companies, and even in banks which have not come under the Limited Act, and at the same time small investors go freely into the companies formed to take over various established concerns, and if this process would go on at a moderate rate, and only in cases when satisfactory data could be furnished, it would be found highly conducive to the benefit of the public.

THE English Stock-market has been very adversely affected. The cause is no doubt the increasing value of money and the doubtful character of the harvest; but at a time when the trade of the country shows a vast expansion, and the political horizon at home and abroad is clear, people seem at a loss to conjecture why the depreciation in the funds should be so continuous and important.

A discouraging feature, presented in connection with the existing situation of things, is the appearance in the markets here of a large quantity of foreign long-dated bills, which are being discounted at

the rate of $8\frac{1}{2}$ and $8\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The total of this class of paper has latterly been much increasing.

The next half-monthly settlements will prove rather heavy, owing to the late fluctuations and the decided decline in prices. There may, before the middle of the month, be some recovery in quotations, but the tendency, it is feared, will still continue dull, especially in the department for miscellaneous shares.

In Colonial Government securities Canada 6 per Cents. (Feb. and Aug.) fetched 97; do. 5 per Cents., 87; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1871-6), 97 $\frac{1}{2}$; do. (1888-92), 96 $\frac{3}{4}$; Queensland 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July), 102 $\frac{1}{2}$; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and October), 109 $\frac{1}{2}$.

A moderate business has taken place in foreign stocks, but prices are generally firmer. Spanish descriptions have been chiefly inquired for, particularly the Passive, which closed $\frac{3}{8}$ higher. Turkish Consolidés have likewise improved an eighth. Greek on the other hand and the Confederate Loan receded respectively $\frac{1}{8}$ and 1 per cent. The last Venezuela Loan has advanced.

A rather better inquiry has prevailed for the new Mexican Bonds.

The Secretary of State for India in Council has given notice that the amount for which tenders for bills on India will be received on the 17th instant, will be 30,00,00 rupees (£300,000), of which not more than 12,00,00 rupees (£120,000) will be drawn on Bombay.

In the Stock Exchange short loans on Government securities have been in request at 7 per cent. In all exceptional cases of advances on bills, the Bank charge has been $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

It appears that a petition is in course of signature in the Stock Exchange, requesting the committee to rescind their late resolution directed against transactions in the shares of new companies prior to allotment.

CONNECTING SHIP-OWNERS (Limited).—This Company is established with a capital of £1,000,000, in 50,000 shares of £20 each, to own and work connecting steamships. They possess at present a small connecting steamer, the *Connector*, which is lying in the Thames, where she daily demonstrates the peculiar advantages of the system which it will be the business of this company to employ profitably.

MOVEMENT OF SPECIE.—It appears that gold was imported in June to the value of £1,596,822, against £2,020,107 in June, 1863, and £1,485,797 in June, 1862. The exports of gold in June amounted to £898,224, against £1,617,298 in June, 1863, and £2,266,431 in June, 1862. The value of the silver imported in June was £501,350, against £1,175,374 in June, 1863, and £1,472,433 in June, 1862. The exports of silver in June amounted to £389,132, against £974,792 in June, 1863, and £1,067,844 in June, 1862. The total value of the gold and silver combined imported in June was thus £2,098,172, against £3,195,481 in June, 1863, and £2,958,230 in June, 1862. The total value of the gold and silver combined exported in June was £1,287,356, against £2,592,090 in June, 1863, and £3,334,275 in June, 1862. In the six months ending June 30, the total value of the gold imported was £9,239,202, against £9,736,434 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £8,146,856 in the corresponding period of 1862. The total value of the gold exported in the six months ending June 30 was £7,579,379, against £8,653,618 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £7,300,764 in the corresponding period of 1862. The total value of the silver imported in the six months ending June 30 was £5,440,923, against £5,594,486 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £5,282,176 in the corresponding period of 1862. The total value of the silver exported in the six months ending June 30 was £5,158,137, against £5,726,745 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £5,618,374 in the corresponding period of 1862. The total value of the gold and silver combined exported in the six months ending June 30 was thus £14,680,125, against £15,330,920 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £13,429,032 in the corresponding period of 1862. The total value of the gold and silver exported to June 30 this year was £12,737,516, against £14,380,363 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £12,919,138 in the corresponding period of 1862. The value of the gold exported to France in the first six months of 1864 was £3,922,251, against £2,264,146 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £2,710,819 in the corresponding period of 1862. No gold was exported to Russia in the first half of 1864, although £1,135,242 went in that direction in the corresponding half of 1862. The exports of gold to Egypt amounted to June 30 this year to £1,355,585, against £956,142 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £629,253 in the corresponding period of 1862. Gold was imported to June 30 this year to the extent of £1,816,897 from Australia (against £2,884,679 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £3,349,411 in the corresponding period of 1862); £2,670,416 from Mexico, South America (except Brazil), and the West Indies (against £2,162,977 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £765,972 in the corresponding period of 1862); and £4,213,501 from the United States (against £3,490,699 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £3,214,031 in the corresponding period of 1862). The chief source from which silver was imported to June 30 this year was Mexico, South America (except Brazil), and the West Indies, which sent us £3,385,939 this year, against £3,580,392 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £2,997,562 in the corresponding period of 1862. The chief direction of the exports of silver was Egypt (*en route* to India, China, &c.). The shipments of silver to the land of the Pharaohs to June 30 this year amounted to £3,476,958, against £4,486,544 in

the corresponding period of 1863, and £4,364,165 in the corresponding period of 1862.

The Agra and Masterman's Bank, on Tuesday the 9th instant, declared a dividend for the half-year ended 30th of June last, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, together with a bonus of £2 per share, being equal to 18 per cent. per annum.

The share certificates of the Maritime Credit Company were issued on Monday, August 8th.

It appears from a return just issued by the Board of Trade that the total receipts on railways in England and Wales for the year 1863, amounted, on 8,568 miles of railway, to £26,212,822, including £12,262,416 for passenger traffic, and £13,950,406 for goods traffic. The total receipts on the Scotch railways, 2,013 miles in length, amounted to £3,424,921, including £1,316,833 for passengers, and £2,108,088 for goods. The total receipts on the Irish railways amounted, on 1,741 miles, to £1,518,654, including £942,279 for passengers, and £576,375 for goods. The total aggregate traffic receipts on 12,322 miles of railway in the United Kingdom for the year 1863 amounted to £31,156,397, and for the year 1862, on 11,551 miles of railway, to £29,128,558, showing an increase of 771 miles and of £2,027,839 in the receipts, of which £1,418,296 was for goods traffic, and £609,543 for passenger traffic.

In the railway market the principal change has been an advance in Great Western Stock of fully 1 per cent. London and North Western, Midland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Caledonian have also improved. Great Northern A Stock, and Manchester and Sheffield, on the other hand, were heavy. Business in this department continues generally limited.

The half-yearly meeting of the London and North-Western Railway Company is convened for the 19th inst.

The half-yearly meeting of the London and South-Western Railway Company is convened for the 18th instant; while that of the Charing Cross Railway Company, announced for the 10th instant, is postponed till the 25th idem.

The annual return has just been issued of all sums paid for duty on insurance against fire during the past year by each of the fire insurance companies of the United Kingdom. From this it appears that the amount paid by London offices was £999,971, and by the county offices £715,152, the total being £55,207 in excess of the previous year. The sums insured on farming-stock (exempt from duty) were:—England, £67,034,505; Scotland, £6,694,960; Ireland, £1,055,944, giving a total of £74,785,409.

An account of the gas companies of the metropolis for the past year is given in the usual annual return presented to Parliament. The figures, however, as regards profits and dividends, must, in several instances, be taken only as approximately correct. It appears that the total amount of capital invested in gasworks in London is £5,684,987, of which £5,172,170 consists of shares, and £512,817 of borrowed money, and that an average return is obtained of about 9 per cent.

The Mincing-lane Markets continue heavy, with a downward tendency in prices. At the public sales during the week both sugar and coffee sold cheaply, and for saltpetre easier rates have again been taken. Manufacturing products are also extremely dull.

The deliveries in London in the tea trade, estimated for the week, were 1,041,550 lbs., which shows a decrease of 4,770 lbs. when compared with the previous statement.

A Parliamentary paper lately issued shows that the number of persons assessed under schedule D (trades and professions) in Great Britain had increased in the year ending April 5, 1863, from 285,459 to 293,468; the amount paid from £3,222,033 to £3,376,405; the incomes on which the tax was charged from £89,013,493 to £93,322,864. The number of persons with less than £100 a year had increased from 18,761 to 18,790; between £100 and £150, from 135,262 to 139,297; and so on till the highest class, those with incomes of £50,000 and upwards, who were 67 in 1862 and 80 in 1863. In Ireland the number of persons charged had fallen off from 17,602 to 17,438; the amount paid from £168,132 to £167,834; and the incomes assessed from £4,677,568 to £4,673,743. The number paying on incomes of less than £100 a year had diminished from 1,264 to 1,124, but the number with £50,000 a year and upwards had risen from two to three.

The last weekly account published by the Bank of France does not differ very materially from the one preceding. The cash in hand increased within a week from 276,162,450f. to 276,790,390f. The commercial bills discounted increased by 3,211,730f. The bank notes in circulation decreased from 791,000,000f. to 786,000,000f. The cash advanced on a deposit of Government Stock increased by 1,000,000f. The balance to the credit of the Treasury decreased from 64,609,320f. to 55,941,230f. The balance to the credit of private accounts rose from 144,000,000f. to 157,000,000f. The discounts during the week produced a sum of 1,213,040f.

The shareholders of the Comptoir d'Escompte held their annual meeting on Saturday the 6th inst. The report presented by the directors on the operations of the year 1863-4 (to 30th June) was most satisfactory. The total amount of business done was 1,754,396,354f. 25c. (upwards of £70,000,000), and was more than that of the year preceding by 532,626,884f. 25c. Of the total, 948,379,363f. 15c. were for discounts, being 70,888,954f. 80c. more than in the preceding year; 553,630,640f. 46c. for the Colonial and Asiatic agencies,—an increase of 405,413,864f. 14c.; the rest of the total being for acceptances and advances on pledges, advances on public securities, &c.

The French Board of Customs has only just produced its returns of imports and exports for the first six months of the present and the two preceding years. It appears from them that the value of imports taken out of bond for consumption in the first six months of the present year was 1,121,793,000f.; of 1863, 1,117,945,000f.; and of 1862, 1,080,160,000f.; and that of exports of French productions, natural and manufactured, in 1864, 1,465,826,000f.; in 1863, 1,205,544,000f.; and 1862, 1,052,953,000f.

From recent statistical returns of the mineral riches of France it appears that the number of coal mines worked is 490, and of iron mines 202. Of other substances there are 247 mines, comprising graphite, bitumen, rock salt, antimony, manganese, lead, silver, copper, tin, and zinc, isolated or in combination. The concessions of coal mines extend over 5,226 square kilometres (each 247 acres), in 47 different departments. The mines of iron-stone embrace an area of 1,243 square kilometres, and lie in 31 departments.

The receipts on the old lines of the Paris and Orleans Railway for the week ending the 28th of July amount to 1,322,859f. 80c., being an increase of 36,644f. 93c. as compared with the corresponding week of last year. The receipts from the 1st of January to the 28th of July amount to 40,028,701f. 69c., being an increase of 1,789,007f. 76c. as compared with the corresponding period of the year 1863. The receipts on the new lines show an increase of 73,563f. 45c. on the week, and of 2,095,972f. 9c. since the 1st of January.

We learn from the *New York Shipping and Commercial List* of July 27, that Secretary Fessenden, under the authority of the Act of Congress empowering him to negotiate a loan not exceeding in amount 200,000,000 dols., in 7-30 Treasury Notes, has given notice that subscriptions for that amount will be received by the Treasurer, Assistant-Treasurers, the designated depositories, and the national banks, which have been designated as such. These notes are payable three years from August 15, 1864, and are to have semi-annual coupons attached. The interest is to be in lawful money. They will be issued in denominations of 50, 100, 500, 1,000, and 5,000 dols., and in blank, or payable to order, as may be directed by the subscribers.

The letters from the various bankers and leading commercial houses in Spain are unanimous in their description of the financial exigencies of the Treasury, resulting from the career of Señor Salaverra.

The Spanish Financial Commission notify that at the auction of the redeemable debt, to take place in Madrid on the 31st inst., the amounts assigned are as follows:—Rs. Vn. 1,500,000 for the 1st class Interior Stock; Rs. Vn. 997,000 for the 2nd class Interior Stock; Rs. Vn. 13,678,069 for the 2nd class Exterior Stock.

The North of Spain Railway is to be opened throughout its entire length on the 15th, and it will place Paris in direct communication with Madrid. The *Semaine Financière* takes an unfavourable view of the prospects of this line. Its calculation is that even if the annual receipts be 20 per cent. more than they have hitherto been, there will only remain, after taking 45 per cent. for working expenses, 13,990,000f., from which 9,906,000f. will have to be deducted for the payment of interest on debentures, so that all that will remain for the shareholders will be 3,084,000f., or 15f. 40c. per share of 500f. The shares are at a discount on the Bourse.

The gross ordinary revenue of the Russian Empire during the present year is estimated at £53,191,300, and its gross expenditure at £60,164,219, showing a deficit of £6,972,919, which is to be covered by an issue of Exchequer-bills to the extent of £2,700,000, and by £4,272,919 of the recent Anglo-Dutch loan.

According to the latest returns which can at this moment be rendered available, it appears that the national debt of the Danish monarchy may be divided into two classes, viz., the debt contracted in the country, 67,209,900 rixdollars; ditto abroad, 29,112,800—total, 96,322,700. Of that contracted abroad the chief part was the balance of the Three per Cent. Loan, which was contracted in England in 1825, which amounted to 2,212,500 rixthalers; and also what was still outstanding of the Five per Cent. Loan, in which the rate of interest was afterwards reduced to 4 per cent., which was also negotiated in London during the Schleswig-Holstein insurrection of 1848, and which did not exceed 3,613,500 rixthalers, though both of these loans have been annually reduced by the operation of a sinking fund, by which they would have been eventually liquidated.

The remaining portion (12,500 shares) of the authorized capital of the Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Bank Corporation (Limited) is now in course of being issued to the shareholders at £2 per share premium in the proportion of one new to three old shares. The bank has five branches, and has been in operation in India about twelve months. Its shares are quoted 3½ to 4 prem., £10 paid.

It is stated at the Porte that the publication of the Budget for 1864-5 may be almost immediately expected. The document has, we are assured, been definitely compiled, and shows a still more satisfactory balance of income and expenditure than the statement of last year.

The local papers report that a fresh issue of Consolidés is contemplated by the Constantinople authorities, chiefly, if not entirely, in redemption of other classes of the internal debt. It is said they will bear 5 per cent. interest and 1 per cent. sinking fund.

The cultivation of cotton is attracting much attention in the State of Yucatan. In 1862, the amount exported was only 240,000lb. The prices obtained in the Havannah and elsewhere, however, were so remunerative that several landed proprietors determined to turn their attention to the subject, and the consequence was that in the following year 1,200,000lb. were exported, and this year it is expected that the produce will nearly reach 3,000,000lb.

The Congress of the United States of Columbia, late New Grenada, has passed a new law for the regulation of the revenue of customs, consisting of 215 articles.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MR. TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.*

AFTER many preliminary announcements and much delay,—the latter attributable, we suppose, to that fastidious self-examination to which the Laureate himself alluded in some of his earlier verses,—Mr. Tennyson's volume of poems has been given to the world, and for some time to come all the critics of England will be busy appraising, analyzing, admiring, and depreciating. It is always a difficult thing to estimate with accuracy and fairness the new production of an author who has been long before the public, who has a high position and a fixed style, many of whose works have taken a place in the memory as established classics, and whose very reputation tells to some extent against him, as a severe and lofty standard which we shall not readily forgive him for failing to reach. There is apt to be on these occasions a morbid susceptibility in the minds of the public generally, and especially in those of the critical body—a feverish craving after something superlatively great, combined with an extreme readiness to feel disappointed. The well-known and veteran writer has to fight against disadvantageous comparisons with the fresher creations of his youth,—against the reader's occasional impatience at mannerisms certain to exhibit themselves in all authors of marked character and originality,—against the deeper annoyance caused by the crowd of mechanical imitators who have made common what was at first rare,—against faithful regard for old favourites on the one hand, and the fickleness of changing taste on the other. All these influences affect the mind of the critic, and, with every desire to form a just judgment, it is sometimes a perplexing task to know how far what seems beautiful and fresh is but the echo of harmonies played long ago with a more skilful touch, or to what extent any feeling of disappointment that may arise should be attributed to the false conditions imposed by the reader himself, and not to any defect on the part of the writer. We have not been insensible to these troubles in reading the last contribution of Mr. Tennyson's genius to the magnificent poetical literature of our English tongue. The author of "In Memoriam" has attained an eminence which has all the peril of glory. A sentence nearly equal in weight and deliberateness to that of posterity has placed him among the chosen few who are leaders and creators in their art. We judge him austere because we rate him highly; we demand ever greater and greater successes from one who has already achieved so much. Thus tried, we may possibly experience some little disappointment in the volume now in our hands; but the mode of trial is not quite fair. We have no right to make an author responsible for our exaggerated ideals; and, looked at in this calmer spirit, we have many reasons for estimating highly the little collection of narratives and lyrics which, after a silence of five years, Mr. Tennyson now utters to no inattentive listeners.

The three chief poems of the volume are in blank verse, and written in that style of realistic simplicity which Mr. Tennyson first made famous many years ago. It is more especially in poems of this particular class that we are conscious of the author's mannerism. The simplicity strikes us as being sometimes more apparent than real. There may be an elaborate assumption of plain language, no less than of ornate diction; and the one is even more annoying than the other, because of the untruth involved in it. Some of Mr. Tennyson's imitators have harped upon this string until perhaps we are too disposed to make him accountable for their failures. What *he* has done with the fine skill of an artist, *they* have copied with the coarser lines of commoner workmen; but we must still hold that the pattern was not in itself a good one, though made by a master-hand. Paradoxical as it may seem, we may assert that nothing is more likely to run into excess than simplicity. When it is made a rule in literature, rather than a principle modified by other principles and acting spontaneously, it is apt to acquire an air of excessive self-consciousness. The thing to be said sinks to the lower place, and takes rank below the manner of saying it, notwithstanding the implied assumption that the manner has been reduced to the strictest limits, in order to heighten the importance of the matter; or rather because that assumption is apparently insincere, and, whether sincere or not, is placed too prominently in the foreground. Thus, in the early part of "Enoch Arden," we cannot help feeling that Mr. Tennyson is somewhat ostentatiously virtuous on the strength of his extreme plainness and directness of language. He will not be tempted into any affluence of style, not he; he is writing of humble people, and will be as humble as they. He has to describe the early married life of Enoch Arden, a rough fisherman, and his wife; and this is the method in which he does it:—

"So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honourable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers."

This is really prose cut into lengths, and "making believe" to be poetry; and we foresee for the next five or six years a vast expanse

* Enoch Arden, &c. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London: Moxon & Co.

of poems written on the same principle, but without that nobleness of thought and beauty of expression which never desert Mr. Tennyson for long. For in this very tale of "Enoch Arden" the poet soon rises from the flats and stubbly commons of a false simplicity to magnificent heights of passion, and pathos, and poetry—to a simplicity that is as real as that of Nature herself when we track her through many complex disguises to her elements and her essence. Great passions are simple in their ultimate being, yet in the hands of a poet are prone to clothe themselves in a certain luxury of words, as if nothing else could do justice to their regality and power. Mr. Tennyson does not forget this when he soars to the height of his argument. In the light and heat of his poetry we see common things transfigured. Enoch Arden is no longer a poor fisherman, honestly planning how he can make his wife comfortable, and provide for the education of his children, but the lonely, sublime hero of a tragedy—a magnificent representative of the principle of self-sacrifice. The story in its first half is one that has been told many times; in its conclusion it is, we believe, quite original, and nothing more full of moral grandeur has ever been conceived. With the rising wind of his inspiration, Mr. Tennyson's wing grows stronger, and he reaches as great an altitude as he has ever yet touched. Enoch Arden is, as we have said, a seafaring man, of humble birth and rough honest nature. He and Philip Ray, the miller's son, are fellow-children in the little seaside town where the chief events of the tale take place. They have a young favourite, Annie Lee,

"The prettiest little damsel in the port,"

with whom they play at keeping house in a narrow cave among the cliffs. One day, Enoch is the host,—another day, Philip; but Annie is always mistress:—

"At times

Enoch would hold possession for a week:
'This is my house and this my little wife.'
'Mine too,' said Philip, 'turn and turn about.'
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both."

Of course, as they grow up, both fall in love with Annie, and the preference is given by her to Enoch, though she likes the young miller too. One autumn evening, when the townsfolk are out nutting, Philip accidentally comes upon the couple as they are sitting at the edge of a hazel-wood which slopes into a hollow of the downs lying behind the little wave-beaten town and port. He sees his doom in their eyes:—

"Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past,
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart."

Enoch and Annie are married; but, after a happy life of seven years' duration, Enoch falls from the mast of a vessel, and breaks a limb. Their means become straitened, and, to add to their misfortunes, the wife gives birth to a sickly child. While Enoch is recovering, the master of a vessel bound for China, who knows the fisherman, having sailed with him in previous years, asks him if he will serve as boatswain. He assents, fits up a small shop for his wife, and departs, sorely against her will. Previous to his going, she cuts a small lock of hair from the head of her sickly infant, and gives it him. Left to herself, she soon falls into poverty, being unskilled in the ways of trade; and after awhile her youngest child dies. All this time she has heard no news of her husband; and, on the evening of the day when her youngest-born is buried, Philip Ray visits her, and begs that, as he is well-to-do, he may be allowed to bring up the children as Enoch desired they should be brought up. Annie accepts the offer, with broken expressions of thankfulness; the children, in process of time, come to look on Philip as their father; and still no news is heard of Enoch, though now ten years have passed since he left England. Autumn has come round once more, and Annie and the children propose one evening to go nutting in the hazel-wood, and the young ones beg that "Father Philip" may go with them; so they all start together:—

"But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her; and, sighing, 'let me rest' she said:
So Philip rested with her well-content:
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke.
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood."

"But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said,

Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.'
'Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word.
'Tired?' but her face had fall'n upon her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said
'I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Philip now proposes marriage to Annie, who accepts him, on condition that he will wait another year. The year passes, and he claims the fulfilment of her promise; yet the miserable woman, fearing Enoch may be yet alive, puts him off for another half year, till, seeing Philip grow careworn and wan, she gives her final consent, and they are married. But a fear is constantly upon her—a foot-step on her path, she knows not whence, a whisper on her ear, she knows not what. These perturbations, however, pass away after the birth of a child, and she becomes placid and contented. In the meanwhile, Enoch is not dead. He has been wrecked on a tropical island, and he and two companions manage to get ashore. The latter die one after the other, in some three or four years' time, and Enoch is left alone:—

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollow-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

"There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock yew-tree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

"Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude."

At length he is rescued by a foreign ship, and taken to England. He arrives on a November day in his native town; gropes his way through mist and sea-fog to the old house of far-off times, and finds it empty. Fearing the worst, he seeks shelter in a crazy, water-side tavern, and is there told by Miriam Lane, the landlady (who does not recognise him, he is so brown, and bowed, and broken), all the story of his wife's second marriage. "Enoch," says the good woman, "was cast away and lost." At which—

"He, shaking his grey head pathetically,
Repeated, muttering, 'cast away and lost!'
Again, in deeper inward whispers, 'lost!'"

But he cannot rest till he has seen Annie and his children again; so he steals forth in the dull, damp evening, and seeks the home of Philip. He enters the little garden at the back which opens out of the waste, and, creeping up by the wall under the shadow of a yew-tree, looks in at the window. The family are sitting warmly and happily at their evening meal. Philip is dandling his child on his knee; the daughter—Enoch's own, now growing to be a young woman—is leaning over her stepfather's chair, playing with the baby, while the mother glances alternately towards her infant and her tall, strong son standing beside her:—

"Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

"He therefore, turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

"And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

This heroic resolution, "never to let her know," he maintains unflinchingly. He supports himself by any rough work about the harbour that he can pick up, and lives humbly at the old tavern; but, as the year again rolls round towards the day on which he had returned, a great weakness creeps over him, and he feels that release is at hand. He calls Miriam Lane to his side, and asks her if she knew Enoch Arden. "Ay, ay," she answers; "he held his head high, and cared for no man." Enoch replies, slowly and sadly:—

"His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man.' At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
'You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be.' Enoch said again,
'My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen.'"

He commands Miriam to tell his wife and children of his return as soon as he is dead, and that he died loving and blessing them, and Philip also. If his children care to see him in death, they are to come; but she is not to come, "for his dead face would vex her after-life." Then, the lonely man, reverting to the lock of hair of his sickly child, cut off and given him before his departure, thinks that the dead infant will be the only one of all his blood who will embrace him in Heaven; and so commands that the lock be given to his wife, that it may comfort her, and be a token that he is really Enoch Arden:—

"Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice 'a sail! a sail!
I am saved; and so fell back and spoke no more."

Criticism becomes a vanity in presence of writing such as this. The poet brings us into the great, awful circle of human nature in its grandest, most solemn, and most touchingly beautiful conditions; and mere literary praise is idle where the heart has already leaped to its passionate verdict of sympathy, reverence, and thankfulness. That command over the deepest emotions of the heart which Mr. Tennyson evinced in the story of Queen Guinevere, one of the "Idylls of the King," is here again asserted in the plenitude of its power; and later ages, we may be certain, will ratify the tears that are shed to-day.

"Aylmer's Field" is a poem of much lower range. It is the story of a proud baronet, Sir Aylmer Aylmer, who sees his line reduced to the life of his one daughter, Edith, and resolves that she shall make a grand match, and that her husband shall take her name, so as to perpetuate the great family through future generations. However, there is a love affair between her and her distant but poor kinsman, Leolin, brother of the village rector—which moves both father and mother to great wrath when they discover it, and Leolin is forbidden the Hall. He is studying the law, and, in the hope of one day becoming Lord Chancellor, works on, corresponding with Edith, until at length all communication

ceases. Their letters have been intercepted; the young lady is more closely watched, falls sick, and dies; the lover, hearing of her death, stabs himself with a dagger she had once given him, and on which he had engraved her name; the baronet and his lady, stricken with sorrow, if not remorse, die in a brief space of time; and, the house having been pulled down, the park and woodland are parcelled into farms:—

"And where the two contrived their daughter's good,
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field."

The best thing in the poem is the sermon which Leolin's brother preaches at the request of Lady Aylmer with reference to her child's death, and in which he flames like a tempest over the false pride and real selfishness that had wrought so much misery. There is a prophet-like grandeur about this which (together with a few charming descriptive bits) redeems the rather feeble sentimentality and affected colloquialism of the narrative.

"Sea Dreams"—the third chief poem of the volume—is a slight story, bearing the moral of universal charity, even for those who have injured us. This is wrought out with great sweetness and beauty, but in so quaint and singular a way that we despair of giving the reader any idea of it, except by extracts, in which our waning space forbids us to indulge. Among the minor poems now for the first time printed, the most noteworthy is that called the "Northern Farmer," a soliloquy uttered by an old dying agriculturist, in the dialect, we believe, of Lincolnshire, Mr. Tennyson's own county. In this, as well as in "The Grandmother"—also written in humble language, though not with any marked provincialism—the Laureate exhibits great powers of dramatic characterization. The "Northern Farmer" is admirable. The poet brings before us, with a few strong, clear, incisive touches, the dull, dogged, heavy-souled man, at bay with death; angrily demanding his ale to the last, though the doctor has forbidden it; blasphemously arraigning God for not taking Jones or Robins instead of himself—

"Do Godamoughty knaw what a's doing a-taikin' o' meä?"—

and finding his greatest consolation in the reflection that he has done his duty by the land, has

"hallus voated wi' Squire an' choorch an' staäte,
And i' the woost o' toimes wur niver agin the raäte."

The form here is droll enough; but we fear there is a grim reality at the back of it.

The Miscellaneous Poems include the exquisite "Tithonus," originally published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and the "Welcome to Alexandra," with a few additional lines. The "Experiments" with which the volume concludes are a set of brief poems in Latin metres, of which, seeing that in one of them the author talks scornfully of "irresponsible, indolent reviewers" (for Mr. Tennyson is not above the small affectation of depreciating writers for the press), we hardly like to speak, and shall therefore content ourselves with saying—notwithstanding the fierce power and lurid picturesqueness of "Boadicea," and the beauty of the *Alcaics*—that we do not believe the finest genius can harmonise English poetry with these ancient forms. The specimen of a translation of the "Iliad" in blank verse, however, is extremely interesting. Could not Mr. Tennyson be persuaded to turn his thoughts in this direction, so as to give us a better English Homer than we yet have?

CRUISE OF THE "ALABAMA" AND "SUMTER."*

THESE volumes will be read with great interest, although much of the information they contain has been already anticipated from various sources. Whatever we may have heard from others of the skilful and daring operations by which a couple of small Confederate ships annihilated the commerce of the United States, we are still glad to have Captain Semmes's story from his own lips. The greater portion of the present work consists of extracts from his private journals, which not only describe the main incidents of his cruises, but give us a lively picture of the man himself. Written in a frank, manly, and unaffected style—totally free from exaggeration or boasting—they are evidently the work of a gentleman as well as an officer. And those who have hitherto imagined that there was something of the pirate about the Confederate commander will here find ample proof to the contrary. It is clear that Captain Semmes took no pleasure in the work of destruction for its own sake; although he entered upon it with readiness, and pursued it with energy and zeal, as the best, and indeed under the circumstances the only, mode of crippling the enemy. It is also obvious that, so far from being reluctant to encounter Federal men-of-war, he was from first to last anxious to meet one with which he could fight on fair terms. His duty to his country restrained him from engaging in any rash or Quixotic enterprise; but he did not voluntarily confine himself to attacking helpless ships. He has the spirit of a naval officer, not of a buccaneer; and these pages show that he regarded it as anything but a piece of good fortune that

his only engagements were those with the *Hatteras* and the *Kearsarge*.

So early as February, 1861, Mr. Jefferson Davis formed the design of striking a blow at the commerce of the North by swift, although necessarily small, cruisers. At that time, Captain Semmes was still an officer in the United States navy; but as soon as his services were required by the new Government, he resigned his commission, and was immediately appointed commander in the navy of the Confederate States. The first vessel placed under his command was the *Sumter*. That now celebrated ship was a merchant screw-steamer, of only 501 tons. She had plied as a packet ship between the Havannah and New Orleans, and was at the latter port when Captain Semmes hoisted his pendant. The mouth of the Mississippi was at that time blockaded by the Federal navy; and it was not without some difficulty that the *Sumter* was run out to sea. At last, however, she escaped on the 30th June, 1861, and three days afterwards made her first capture. As there was no cargo on board, Semmes, who was unwilling to weaken his own vessel by detaching a prize crew, determined to burn the prize. But that he did not intend, if he could have avoided it, to dispose of his prizes in this manner, is clear from what followed. Having taken no fewer than seven vessels within the next three days, he entered with them the harbour of Cienfuegos, in the island of Cuba. He immediately applied to the governor for permission to leave his prizes within the neutral jurisdiction until they could be adjudicated upon by a court of admiralty of the Confederate States. Spain, however, in common with the other neutral Powers, adopted the rule of allowing neither belligerent to bring prizes into her ports. The ships were therefore detained, and were thus lost to their captors. After this, no alternative remained but to destroy such of the enemy's vessels as might have on board enemy's cargo, and to release on ransom bonds such as were freighted with neutral goods. Of the care which Captain Semmes took in investigating the ownership of the vessels and cargoes which were seized, abundant proof is afforded by his memoranda on each doubtful case—memoranda printed in the work before us. It appears that the gallant officer had, in the course of his life, studied law and practised as a lawyer. And it is impossible to read these documents without seeing that he had a very competent knowledge of the international law applicable to the subject, and that he applied it with great skill and fairness. He had certainly need of all his acumen, since the Federals showed themselves great adepts in the manufacture of those fraudulent shipping documents which are resorted to in time of war for the purpose of concealing belligerent ownership. As a specimen of the ruses which were resorted to for this purpose, we may take the case of the *Texan Star*. When captured, she had the name of the "Martaban, of Maulmein," on her stern, and carried English colours and an English register. But it was proved by the admissions of the captain and mate that she was an American vessel; that her register was false; that the articles of her crew were false; that her pretended sale to an English owner had never taken place; that her ostensible name had been given to her only a few days previous to her capture by the simple process of painting it over the old one; and that, as the Yankee skipper himself ultimately avowed, all this had been done merely as a cover to prevent capture.

We cannot follow the course of the *Sumter* in the West Indies, off the South American coast, in the calm zone between the trades, back again to America, and finally to Europe. It must suffice to say that she soon became the terror of Federal merchantmen, and that, under the alarm created by her success, Northern commerce rapidly declined. After eight months' uninterrupted cruising, during which she made eighteen captures, she arrived at Gibraltar. A band of officers then pronounced her unseaworthy; and, on the 24th of February, 1862, she closed her career as a man-of-war. During the time she had been at sea, Captain Semmes estimates that she had, "in one way or another," cost the enemy a million of dollars. In that sum he apparently includes, not only the value of the prizes, but "the amount expended in pursuit of her, the enormously increased rates of insurance, and the heavy losses from reluctance to entrust goods in United States' bottoms, or to send ships themselves to sea under the United States' colours."

For a few months, American commerce enjoyed a respite, but on the 29th of July, 1862, the *Alabama* sailed from Liverpool. Of her escape from that port, substantially the same account is given here as has often been given before; and therefore we need not dwell upon it. More interest attaches to an authentic statement of her size, armament, and cost:—

"She was a small fast screw steam-sloop, of 1,040 tons register, not ironclad, as was at one time erroneously supposed, but built entirely of wood, and of a scantling and general construction in which strength had been less consulted than speed. Her length over all was about 220 feet; length of keel, 210 feet; breadth of beam, 32 feet, and 18 feet from deck to keel. She carried two magnificent engines, on the horizontal principle, constructed by the same firm, and each of the power of 300 horses; while her coal bunkers were calculated to accommodate about 350 tons of coal. The *Alabama*, or, as she should as yet be called, 'No. 290,' was barque-rigged, her standing gear being formed throughout of wire rope; thus combining strength with lightness to the utmost possible extent. . . . On the main deck she was pierced for twelve guns, with two heavy pivot guns amidships. Her lines were beautifully fine, with sharp flaring bows, billet head and elliptic stern. The cabin accommodation was perhaps somewhat scanty, but this, in so small a vessel, built altogether for speed, not comfort, was scarcely to be avoided. . . . The builder's charge for hull, spars, sails, boats, cable, and all equipment, except armament,

* The Cruise of the *Alabama* and the *Sumter*. From the Private Journals and Other Papers of Commander R. Semmes, C.S.N., and Other Officers. Two vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

was £47,500. To this must be added the cost of her batteries, £2,500; magazine tanks, £616; ordnance stores, £500; and small arms, £600, making a total cost of £51,716, or in American money, of 250,305.44 dollars."

The *Alabama* proceeded as fast as possible to Terceira, where she was to take on board her guns and warlike stores, and to receive her commander, Captain Semmes. This having been done, she steamed out to sea on the 24th of August. As soon as she had passed out of the neutral jurisdiction, the English flag which she had hitherto carried was hauled down, the Confederate flag was hoisted, and Captain Semmes assumed command. The first thing to be done was to get a crew, for up to the present time (although they probably knew well enough what was the character of the vessel) the sailors had only been engaged for a mercantile voyage. After a brief but animated address from the captain, negotiations were opened:—

"The modern sailor," continues Captain Semmes, "has greatly changed in character. He now stickles for pay like a sharper, and seems to have lost his recklessness and love of adventure." However this latter proposition may be, the truth of the former was most amply proved on the day in question. Jack niggled and haggled, and insisted pertinaciously on the terms he felt his would-be captain's necessity enabled him to command; and in the end Captain Semmes was fain to consent to the exorbitant rates of £4. 10s. a month for seamen, £5 and £6 for petty officers, and £7 for firemen! "I was glad," he writes, "to get them even upon these terms, as I was afraid a large bounty in addition would be demanded of me."

Finally, the bargaining resulted in the shipping of a crew of eighty men, all told; a larger number, perhaps, than Captain Semmes had himself anticipated, but not so many, by at least twenty-five, as were required for properly manning and fighting the vessel. As might have been expected, they turned out a rather "rough lot," much addicted to getting drunk, deserting, and misbehaving on shore; and it was necessary to enforce discipline by a frequent and liberal allowance of punishment. The *Alabama* proved herself a capital sea-boat, as well as being fast, both under steam and canvas. She was not long in commencing, by the capture of the *Ocmulgee*, of Edgartown, the brilliant career which she pursued for a year and ten months, until sunk by the *Kearsarge*, on the 19th of June in the present year. During that time she took sixty vessels, the value of which, according to a list given in the appendix, was nearly five million dollars. In estimating the total loss to the North, a large addition must, of course, be made to this sum, on account of loss of trade, increase of insurance, cost of cruisers employed in trying to protect their shipping, &c. It is inevitable that there should be a certain amount of sameness in the narration of captures made under very similar circumstances; and we shall, therefore, content ourselves with giving the account of a single chase as a specimen of the rest:—

"The look-out man alone, high up on the fore topgallant crossrees, still swept the horizon as eagerly as ever in search of a prize. At about noon his vigilance was rewarded by the sight of a sail on the port-quarter, and in a moment all was again bustle and excitement on board. Quick as the word could be given, the 'flying kites' were furled, yards braced in, and the ship hauled up on a taut bowline in chase.

"But the stranger was now well to windward, and fully four or five miles distant. The *Alabama* flew through the water with the freshening breeze, flinging the spray over her sharp bows, and stretching to her task as though she herself were conscious of the work before her, and eager in chase. But the strange sail was almost, if not quite as fast as herself, and her position so far to windward gave her an immense advantage. The day, too, was wearing on, and the sky beginning to cloud over, giving every token of a dark if not a stormy night. If the chase could only hold on her course till dusk she was safe, and already the hopes of another prize were beginning to fade, and the anxious speculators on the fore-castle were expecting the order to up helm and relinquish the chase.

"On the quarter-deck, too, the idea was gaining ground that the affair was hopeless, and that it was not worth while to keep the ship longer from her course. But the *Alabama* was not given to letting a chance slip, and before finally abandoning the pursuit it was determined to try the effect of a shot or two upon the nerves of the stranger. A slight cheer, quickly checked by the voice of authority, rose from the eager crowd on the fore-castle, as the weather-bow gun was cast loose and loaded, and in another minute the bright flash, with its accompanying jet of white smoke, leaped from the cruiser's bow, as the loud report of a 32-pounder rang out the command to heave-to.

"A moment of breathless suspense, and another cheer rose from the delighted throng of sailors, as the stranger's sails were seen for a moment to shiver in the wind, and the frightened chase luffed to the wind, and then lay motionless, with the Stars and Stripes at her mizenpeak. Another sharp hour's beating, and the *Alabama* was alongside, and had taken formal possession of the United States schooner *Crenshaw*, from New York to Glasgow, three days out."

In January, 1863, Captain Semmes was ordered to attack the fleet lying off Galveston (Texas) for the purpose of co-operating with a land expedition under General Banks. He engaged and sunk the *Hatteras* after a fight of thirteen minutes; but it is only fair to say that the *Alabama* carried a much greater weight of metal than her antagonist. After accomplishing this service, the work of cruising was resumed, and in the course of the next few months the *Alabama* sought her prey not only in the Atlantic, but off the Cape of Good Hope, in the Indian Ocean, and even so far to the east as the island of Malacca. By that time, prizes were becoming scarce, so effectually had the work been done—so nearly had the

"stars and stripes" been driven from the ocean. The good ship was showing signs of wear and tear, and her gallant captain was desirous of the repose which he sorely needed after (as he said) "three years of anxiety, vigilance, exposure, and excitement." Indeed, it is clear, nor is it surprising, that both the officers and crew were weary of the life which they had been so long leading. "Homeless and without a prospect of reaching home," "constantly crowded with prisoners," "miserably fed, hunted, eluding, preying, destroying," "called pirates, and other gloomy titles," it is not wonderful that they were eager to return to Europe, or that, in defiance of considerations of prudence, they rushed to an almost certain fate in engaging the *Kearsarge*. We can quite understand how men like Captain Semmes and his officers must have burned to free themselves at all costs and all hazards from the reproach of fearing to fight; and how they must have welcomed an opportunity of showing that they were not pirates, but man-of-war-men. The main incidents of the fight of June 19th are so fresh in everyone's recollection, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them. The account given in these volumes is not from the pen of Captain Semmes, but it has, no doubt, his sanction. It is fairly and candidly written, but we do not notice that it contains any new facts of importance.

The work is not amenable to strictly literary criticism; but we cannot help expressing our astonishment that it should be disfigured by a number of most execrable portraits of the officers of the *Alabama*. Nothing more vulgar in style or more wretched in execution ever proceeded even from the New York publishers, whose productions they closely resemble. We are at a loss to conceive what justification can be offered for so palpable an outrage of English taste.

THE BERKELEIAN THEORY OF VISION.*

It is not only in the domain of theology that received opinions meet with assaults from the critical spirit of our day. Some of our recent historians call upon us to surrender our most cherished prejudices, and adopt entirely new views of the character of individuals and institutions; and our modern philosophers are not behind the rest in displaying their independence by attacks on scientific prescription, entering the lists on behalf of doctrines either unheard of before, or else believed to have been long since exploded. The present work represents a championship of the latter sort. If Mr. Abbott desires the reputation of an intrepid thinker, unabashed and undismayed by the array of great authorities against him, he may certainly be said to have done much to earn it by this treatise; how far he has displayed the more solid qualities of penetration, judgment, and conclusiveness of reasoning, will furnish greater matter of doubt to many of his readers. He is, it is true, not absolutely the first writer who has undertaken to reconstruct the common-sense view of the Powers of Vision on the ruins of the great doctrine of Bishop Berkeley. Most readers of Mr. Mill will remember his very able review of a work by Samuel Bailey, written about twenty years ago—a review in which, with a vigour of logic and clearness of expression characteristic of the writer, he exposes the fallacies of a similar attack, and closes his notice with the statement, that in spite of Mr. Bailey's assaults the theory itself remains precisely "as he found it, unshaken, and to all appearance unshakeable." We venture to think, after reading Mr. Abbott's book, that his logical artillery has equally failed to establish any breach in the opinion.

Our readers generally will hardly require to be told that the doctrine which Bishop Berkeley proved almost to demonstration was, that much of the information supposed to be derived directly through the eye is really the result of experience and mental inference—that, while the sense of sight gives us the perception of certain lights and colours and lines and points, and nothing beside, the sense of touch acts as its auxiliary in revealing the real figure and position and magnitude of objects, and (to come to the special point of the treatise before us) that, it being impossible for the eye to discern or measure the remoteness of objects, the knowledge of distance is really a matter of judgment or inference from such signs as the diminution of size or dimness of outline which is observed to increase with the remoteness of the object. We need only add that the chief ground of Bishop Berkeley's theory as to the perception of distance was the acknowledged impossibility of the eye seeing anything but what was painted on the retina; accordingly, the distances of objects from us being represented on the retina in all cases by single points, and all points being equal, the distances themselves must appear equal, or rather the eye is incapable of seeing them in the character of distance at all. Here, then, it is evident must lie the gist of the whole matter, and any attempt to upset Berkeley's theory, if it is to be successful, must show the argument given above to be false in its facts or its inference. This we have tried to discover in Mr. Abbott's attack on it, but we confess to have failed. He has adduced many new and curious facts; when following out his own positions, he has exhibited some close, if not always clear, reasoning; but with the main argument, respecting the physical incapacity of the eye to see anything not painted on its retina, and therefore its inability to see aught but lateral distance at the most, we do not consider Mr. Abbott to have grappled. What has he given us instead? Having brought forward some interesting phenomena touching the various

* Sight and Touch: an Attempt to Disprove the Berkeleyian Theory of Vision. By Thomas K. Abbott, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Longman & Co.

adjustments of the eye in looking at objects, and the muscular sensations accompanying them, he infers from these effects "a certain sensorial or organic affection sufficiently powerful to determine the appropriate adaptation of the eyes." What this affection is, he does not conceive it necessary for his purpose to know. "If, however," he continues, "it produces a physical effect exactly proportionate to the distance of the object viewed, it is physically sufficient to produce a corresponding perception." We may be mistaking the force of Mr. Abbott's argument; but it seems to us, by parity of reasoning, that he may as well infer, because certain effects might have been visible in Milton's brain when he was composing "Paradise Lost," the cerebral affection which produces those effects was sufficient to produce the work itself, independent of the genius and imagination of Milton. If this be Mr. Abbott's strongest ground, we can hardly wonder at his naïve acknowledgment, "that, if the foregoing remarks were offered as a complete account of the mode in which we perceive distance, it is readily admitted that they would be unsatisfactory."

As our author is so confident in the original powers of the eye itself, we can scarcely be surprised at his depreciation of the powers of touch, to which every thinker, with but two or three exceptions, since the days of Berkeley, has been accustomed to consider the sense of sight greatly indebted. Mr. Abbott is always standing up for the rights of consciousness against the over-refinements of philosophers. For our part, we can scarcely conceive a consciousness which, however roughly interrogated, would not explain its idea of distance by reference to the exertion of power in reaching an object or walking toward it; but our author quietly assures us that "touch proper gives us nothing but a series of sensations which have of themselves no more connection with extension than with colour," that "walking is still more evidently incapable of giving the idea of progress," and that "in rowing we are not conscious of the progress of the boat." Of course, a kind of subtle meaning may be attached to some of these assertions; but they seem to us to come somewhat unnaturally from a champion of common sense against philosophical analysis, and to be prompted less by calm conviction than by a determination to sacrifice to his own crotchet the well-established influence of association and experience. It is not, we suggest, by such paradoxes as these that the inroads of the scepticism apparently so much dreaded by our author will best be met.

Mr. Abbott is not likely to have passed over the various observations and experiments made in the case of persons born blind, and afterwards restored to sight, of human infants, and those of the inferior animals, which, from the time and after the example of Berkeley, have been brought to bear on the "Theory of Vision." There is no doubt that some of these do create (as even Mr. Mill allows) serious difficulties in the way of a full reception of the Berkeleyian theory; but most people, we believe, after reading our author's treatise, no less than before, will hold that none of these observed cases upset the doctrine of the idea of distance being gained by experience. Even if we do feel ourselves, with Dugald Stewart, compelled by them to hold, in the case of the lower animals, an instinctive perception of distance by the eye, we are not obliged to maintain that it must be so with man: there are many things, it would appear, which animals, with their lower faculties, are led to by instinct, which man, by his higher endowments, is fitted to learn by effort and acquire by experience. But we have not space to enter into this (to ordinary readers) only interesting portion of our author's work. Many of the cases recorded had already been noticed by Mr. Bailey, and the inferences drawn from them had already been answered by Mr. Mill. Mr. Abbott, however, nothing daunted, renews the attack with the same weapons. By the low estimate which he has formed of the information derivable through the touch, by dogmatically ascribing to the eye exclusively what a less prejudiced reasoner would be more disposed to assign, in part at least, to previous impressions on the other senses, he has unquestionably stated some of the observed phenomena (especially in connection with the blind who have recovered their sight) with considerable force. If, too, the art of refutation derive any strength from self-confidence, our author's treatise cannot be said to want this help. A theory to which every philosopher of every school has given in his adhesion for more than a century, he does not hesitate to brand as "absurd," "fallacious," "the shame of psychology," and "capable of being overthrown by a single fact." Still, we believe that the work, with all its faults, may do good, if it leads men to reconsider the grounds of a doctrine not unnaturally deemed unassailable from the fewness of its assailants; and not the least among its advantages may be its tending to draw the attention of professional investigators to the physical capacities of the human eye, upon which, rather than on theories of association or the plausibilities of common sense, the question of the relations between sight and touch must ultimately be made to turn.

LIFE IN JAVA.*

Nor many regions of the East afford a more novel or interesting field for travellers than the island of Java, which, under Dutch rule, has become as safe as, and considerably more pleasant than, Hyde Park. When Mr. Money wrote his book, two or three years ago, the system of forced labour was still in activity, and, in conse-

quence, the processes of agriculture, sugar-making, and village-construction, were carried on with greater regularity and neatness than they are at present. But what is lost in this respect is more than made up for by the greater contentment of the people, who are still, however, drilled and disciplined in a way which would be considered intolerable in any of our Asiatic possessions. When they meet an European on the road, they must, if on foot, stand still, with arms crossed, in the most humble attitude, till he passes; and, if on horseback or in a vehicle, must instantly alight, and go through the same humiliating ceremony. The Sikh, the Rajput, or the Mahratta, would give Mynheer no little trouble before he could be reduced to such a state of servility. In fact, all India would be in a flame at the slightest attempt to introduce such an order of things. The Hindú will patiently permit himself to be shot, or, in extreme cases, to be blown from a gun; but he would resist to the last drop of his blood the degrading slavery into which eleven millions of Javanese have submissively allowed themselves to be plunged. What we have done with the great Mogul most persons know: the Dutch in Java have conducted themselves after much the same fashion towards the native princes, who have long been reduced to the condition of puppets, allowed to play at soldiers, purchase European arms, build palaces and possess harems, though they must not dream of exerting the slightest authority, political or civil. No doubt, in a mere business point of view, the situation of Java has been improved by the Dutch—that is, there are better roads, better harbours, better farms, cleaner villages; but the spirit of the population has departed, so that it may well be questioned whether they did not enjoy life with infinitely greater zest under their old despotic rajahs than they do now with a far more regular police, greater security to person and property, and superior chances of growing rich by industry. But there is no romance in their existence; the old palaces, looking like structures in fairy land, or in the creations of the "Arabian Nights," where beautiful princesses slept securely in their bowers behind their curtains of water, where turrets and cupolas, and kiosks and temples, arose out of lovely lakes embowered in luxuriant vegetation, and richly carpeted with flowers of every hue, while all the singing birds of the East poured their music over the watery vistas—all these things, we say, are in Java fast disappearing from the earth, to make way for factories and warehouses. The Dutch are an extremely industrious people, cleanly to a proverb—cruel, also, and cold-blooded to a proverb—facts which no one can doubt who reads the history of their settlements in the East; but it must be said for them, nevertheless, that they do contrive, wherever they establish themselves, to build spacious houses, lay out fine gardens, and enjoy a style of living which princes of the Epicurean school might envy. Take Mr. d'Almeida's picture of the way in which Mynheer spends the day at Batavia:—

"He rises generally at five A.M., lights his cigar, and then sallies forth to take his stroll, or, as the natives term it, *makan angin*, signifying, literally, to eat the wind. About seven he returns to partake of a collation of eggs and cold meat, after which he drinks his tea or coffee, and smokes again. He then takes his bath, throwing buckets of water over his head, after the manner adopted by all who reside in Eastern climes. After the enjoyment of this necessary luxury, he puts on his day suit, always of light texture on account of the heat, and generally white, and entering his carriage, is driven to his kantor, or house of business. If he is a wealthy citizen, he probably returns home at 12, at which hour the breakfast—as it is termed, though at mid-day—awaits him, consisting of all kinds of Eastern delicacies, rice, curry, and endless sambals, or small piquant side dishes. After this heavy meal, Morpheus waves his wand over Batavia, and all his votaries who can spare the time, retire to digest their food in a siesta of from two to three hours' duration.

"Rising from this sleep, the first cry is *Spada*—a contraction for *Sapa ada*, 'Who is there?'—which is immediately followed by *Api*—'light'—a demand promptly attended to by some boy, who, prepared for the summons, quickly appears with a cigar-box, containing five hundred or more Filipinos, or primeros, in one hand, and a lighted Chinese joss-stick in the other; while another boy brings a tray, on which is a cup of tea and some cakes. Another delicious cold bath generally succeeds the smoke, after which the luxurious European retires to dress for the evening, reappearing with the usual mouth appendage, and a stick in hand—no hat, of course, for the Batavian fashion is for neither gentlemen or ladies to wear anything on their heads, except when they go to church on Sundays. Thus attired, he wends his way quietly to the Koningen's Plain, or to that of Waterloo, to gaze on the *élite* and fashion walking or driving about, which the ladies do in full dress—*décolleté*—and wearing ornaments in their hair.

"On reaching home after his promenade, our Dutchman partakes of orange bitters, diluted in *Kirsch-wasser*—Hollands—or brandy, as a stimulus to the appetite; and then, after the enjoyment of another weed, the *Mandoer*, head-servant, or butler, announces dinner. When the ladies retire from dessert, cigars are immediately handed round, and cups of excellent Java coffee. . . . The gentlemen generally sit but a short time after the ladies leave, adjourning after them to the drawing-room, where they continue to puff vigorously at their lighted cigars, to the perfume of which the ladies never make any objection. As this room always opens on a verandah, some retire to seek the coolness of the night air, while others while away the time by music and chit-chat, &c., retiring generally about eleven or twelve, to renew the same life next day."

Readers of Oriental history and travel are already familiar with several books on Java; Sir Stamford Raffles's history of the island, Mr. Crawford's "History of the Indian Archipelago," Mr. Temminck's work on Netherlands India, and Mr. Money's recent

* Life in Java: with Sketches of the Javanese. By William Barrington d'Almeida. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

work; but not one of these is so amusing as are Mr. d'Almeida's two small volumes, which contain besides a great deal of information, given in a most unprejudiced spirit. The Dutch treated him well, and he therefore speaks of them gratefully; but he will not disguise the nature of the unpleasant facts that came under his notice, though, his work not being political, he does not go in search of materials for drawing up an accusation against our phlegmatic neighbours. Mr. d'Almeida travelled with his wife, sometimes in vehicles, sometimes on horseback, while occasionally circumstances and the nature of the ground compelled them, like Martinus Scriblerus, to make their own legs their compasses. In this way they saw a great deal of the country; now climbing up to the edge of volcanic craters, now pursuing a meandering course along the banks of rivers, now plunging through dense forests, where the leopard and the tiger, the panther, the boar, and the wild buffalo, still abound in their primitive condition. When Asiatics have their sanguinary propensities restrained, they are often extremely comic, as well in their superstitions as in their social observances. The Laotians, the Cambodians, and the Dyaks of Borneo, who have made less progress beyond the savage state, are ludicrously extravagant in their manners and customs; even the Chinese and Hindús indulge in eccentricities which, if we could relish Asiatic drollery, would tell well upon the stage; but the Javanese, having their animal spirits repressed by influences from the bogs about Rotterdam, give vent to their wild fancies after a more subdued fashion. The Arabs of the Desert discourse very learnedly and poetically about the marriage of the male and female palm-trees; but the Mohammedan religion probably restrains them from introducing the nuptials of trees into their matrimonial system. The Javanese, possessed by no such scruples, attribute to certain denizens of the forest, when transported into the midst of civilized society, the privileges of a hearth and household gods, with considerably more tranquillity than is sometimes to be found at the firesides of mere mortals. Speaking of a town in the interior, with a name not so euphonious as to invite insertion, Mr. d'Almeida says:—

"Amongst the number of Verengen trees, two grew directly opposite the Resident's and Regent's houses, known as the married trees, the marriage of Verengens forming a native ceremony. On the wedding-day, numerous guests are invited by the Regent, among whom great feasting and merriment goes on, in the midst of which the young couple are planted. The Hadji, or priest, in pronouncing his slamat, or benediction, goes through a certain ceremony, on the conclusion of which a low brick fence, ornamented to suit the Regent's taste, is built around the trees, and they are watched and tended until they are considered old and strong enough to bear the 'vicissitudes of life.' The trees, when thus married, are called Verengan Kuroong, and are henceforth regarded with almost superstitious veneration."

Farther on, we find a description of the ceremonies with which two human beings are united for better or worse; but, though it is exceedingly amusing, we are restrained by its length from presenting it to our readers, who must therefore have recourse to the book itself.

In remote ages, Java was inhabited by the Hindús, who appear, indeed, when they were a great and conquering people, to have established their power and their religion throughout nearly the whole archipelago, where, in dense forests and among the recesses of the mountains, we still find images of Nanda and Kali, Vishnu and Siva, overgrown with mighty trees, whose roots have entered and rent the walls of ruins, and wrapt the figures of gods and goddesses in their inextricable folds. In the interior of Borneo, the statue of the sacred bull has been recently discovered, together with other indications that Hindú civilization once flourished where there is now nothing but an interminable wilderness. So again in Lombok and Bali, but principally in Java, where reminiscences of Brahmanical worship occur almost at every step, either in the features of native superstitions, or the ruins of sacred edifices. The religions of the East occur almost like vegetable strata throughout all the secluded parts of Asia. Beneath all others, buried deep in the national mind, is that rude Paganism which pervades the worship of the Hindú Trinity; one step nearer the top occurs the creed of Brahma; above this again, and in immediate contact with it, is the system of Buddha; while upon or near the surface lies the purer religion of Mohammed, which, however, has undergone innumerable corruptions through the ignorance and irresistible tendency to superstitions observable in the Asiatic mind.

Mr. d'Almeida witnessed one of the most striking illustrations of these facts in that strange amalgam of superstitions, the worship of the volcano Bromok, his account of which is among the liveliest and pleasantest narratives of his extremely pleasant volumes. We should have liked to extract the whole, but must content ourselves with a few salient points:—

"The day after our excursion was the one fixed for the Slammat, or Slamatan Bromok, i.e., the blessing or worshipping of the volcano, a ceremony which, with its accompanying feast, the Javanese in this and the surrounding neighbourhood hold regularly once a year. The pilgrims who frequent it, unlike the Javanese in general, are Brahmins, though not so strict in their rites as their brethren in India. They inhabit the provinces of Probolinggo, Malang, a great part of Bezuki, and part of the island of Bali, as well as that of Lombok."

"As we approached the two huts, the lively scene before us presented a strange contrast to the utter loneliness of yesterday. A large number of people were assembled in groups, variously occupied—some eating, some praying, and others talking, laughing, singing, selling, and buying. There were vendors of amulets, charms, and stones found last year near the Bromok, which were sure remedies

against every illness flesh is heir to. Bearded Arabs were offering for sale otto (attar) of roses, and small vials of 'Kobol's jetty dye.'

"Foods of all kinds was provided in abundance for sale, and placed for show on economical stands formed of a plank resting on two stout poles. Wodonos and Mantries, with their small suite of followers, paraded up and down, gaily dressed, their burnished krisses glittering amid the folds of their batek sarong. Old men and women, who had come to pay their last respects to the shrine, moved feebly along. They watched with eyes of delight the frolics of their grandchildren, for there seemed no end of juveniles, from the screaming babe in arms to the romping child. All appeared bent on pleasure, and the Dasar, which, on our last visit, presented a barren aspect, solemn in its very solitude, was now as gay as a fair."

"The oldest of the priests next rose up, followed by all the others—repeating words which sounded like 'Ayo! Ayo! Bromok!' probably meaning 'Forward, forward, to the Bromok!' This was the signal anxiously expected. The mass of human beings now made a tremendous rush for the volcano, the first who succeeded in gaining the ridge believing himself favoured by fortune, and certain of future good luck. Some of the old priests would stop every now and then, bid their followers spread the mat, and prostrate themselves in prayer for fully five or ten minutes, a proceeding which struck me as savouring strongly of sham, for no doubt they were fatigued, and made a virtue of necessity. The roaring of the Bromok seemed greater than it was yesterday, a fact most probably attributable to the lightness of the atmosphere."

"The various families and individuals then handed their offerings to the priests, who again mumbled a few words over them, after which their owners hurled them down the crater, repeating, as they did so, some prayer or wish. Cocoa-nuts produced a faint boom, boom, as they came in contact with the shelving sides, and were lost for ever. Plantains, rice, and cakes were thrown down in baskets, sending down columns of dust as they gradually disappeared."

The reader who likes a book of travels with a large dash of the wild and romantic in it, should take "Life in Java" down with him to the sea-side, and there, seated on a rock overhanging the waves, he may dream away half a dozen hours amid the grand scenes in one of the most striking islands of the Archipelago. The book, in some respects, forms a remarkable contrast to "Life in the Forests of the Far East," where the traveller, while penetrating into the unknown interior, encountered incessantly dangers of almost every kind, joined with toil, privation, and suffering. In proceeding through Java, nearly everything is pleasant. No Kaians thirsting for human blood prowl about your boat or tent at night, or dog your footsteps through the forest, or over the burning rocks where your bleeding feet leave their impress behind you as you move along; you perform your journey in carriages or on the backs of easy ponies; while at night you stop at the house of some Dutchman who is eager to give you proofs of his hospitable inclinations. Of course there are exceptions even among the Mynheers of Java; but, upon the whole, tourists could hardly select a pleasanter ground for their excursions. In proportion, however, to the inrush of travellers will be the decay of hospitality, since an occasional visit in the course of eight or ten years is very different from the descent of twenty voracious tourists in a morning. Nothing but distance protects the worthy Javanese from the locust crowds which issue annually from the Strand and Cheapside, to alight in Switzerland, Northern Italy, and the Tyrol, where they have raised the price of a biscuit almost to its weight in gold, and rendered *vin ordinaire* nearly as costly as Tokay. When Java, however, gets into fashion, we shall recommend Mr. d'Almeida's work as the best possible handbook—brief, rapid, and full of entertainment.

ATHERSTONE PRIORY.*

To take up a book like this after revelling in the joys and horrors of sensational romance, is like turning to a sepia drawing after gazing with dazzled eyes at sketches decked in all the colours of the rainbow, or passing from the sight of a landscape steeped in midday glow into a shady alley screened from the glaring sun, and offering only neutral tints. Or we may compare our feelings to those of one who from the noise and bustle of a crowded street suddenly emerges into a quiet garden, where amidst peaceful trees a fountain plashes monotonously, and the sighing of the wind, and the rustling of the leaves, and the twittering of the birds, harmonize with the subdued bass of the outer world's deep voice. An air of quiet pervades the scene; no startling adventure troubles our repose, no tale of horror freezes our blood, no assassin threatens our daily walks, no spectre haunts our nightly dreams. The inhabitants of Atherstone Priory are simple people such as we may meet any day in any part of the country, and they lead quiet lives, committing themselves to no criminal excesses, and forming no personal acquaintance with the detective police. But the joys and sorrows of such people need not be uninteresting because they are on a small scale, and it is quite possible to be attracted by their society, although their conduct is for the most part unexceptionable, and their careers entirely destitute of thrilling incident.

The heroine of the story, Lisa Kennedy, is one of those impulsive, warm-hearted beings who are the delight of people capable of appreciating them, but who cause incessant irritation and annoyance in the minds of a large and highly respectable class. As a child, she can never be induced to pay proper attention to

* Atherstone Priory. By L. N. Comyn, author of "Ellice, a Tale." Two vols. London: Longmans.

the neatness of her dress or the polish of her boots, but is perpetually destroying the one by erratic movements among destructive lets and hindrances, and ruining the other by reckless flounderings amidst forbidden waters. Acutely sensitive to pleasure and to sorrow, she enjoys and suffers to an extent unknown to beings of less delicate organization, and undergoes rapid transitions from extremes of feeling which appear utterly unaccountable to well-regulated minds, trained to move in limited orbits of sensation. The relatives who are charged with her education are, for the most part, incapable of understanding her character, and attempt to drive her into the beaten path of method, and to make her as dull and correct as themselves. Her aunt, Mrs. Tennent, and her cousins, Elinor and Isabel, are well-meaning scolds, fully convinced of their own merits, and totally blind to those of all with whom they differ. They pester Lisa with precepts, fling maxims without ceasing at her defects, and render her life miserable, under the impression that they are doing her an essential service. At length, a male cousin, Major Tennent, appears on the scene—plain, short-sighted, nearly twice as old as Lisa, and as disagreeable as he is excellent and heroic. He begins by lecturing her, but eventually falls in love, and ultimately proposes to her. She accepts him (somewhat urged to acquiescence by the fact that he had promptly rolled her up in a curtain when she had contrived to set herself on fire in one of her rapid movements), and becomes his loving wife. But his step-mother, Mrs. Tennent, and his sisters, Lisa's affectionate cousins, never forgive her for preventing their hero from marrying the ideal woman whom they had imagined he would wed, and a system of petty persecutions destroys the happiness of her life, and induces her untimely death. Lisa's frank and open nature leads her into small indiscretions, and her unmethodical habits cause her to commit sundry venial sins of omission and commission, which vex her husband's soul, and make him behave in an exceedingly disagreeable manner. He becomes jealous of another cousin, Arthur Darrell, and Isabel, unconscious that her sister Elinor is the object of that gentleman's affections, fans the spark of suspicion into a consuming fire of wrath. Poor Lisa's peace of mind is shattered, and she pines away and dies, the victim of two or three shrewish tongues. The over-good people who have hunted her to death accept her departure with perfect equanimity, and never find their digestions impaired by the faintest shadow of remorse. Such is an outline of the story which the author has contrived to spin out into two bulky volumes. If the work had been half as long, it would have been twice as good. At present, it will be found tedious by readers who are possessed of only an ordinary stock of patience, and they will be apt to skim it with irreverent speed, or to anticipate the tardy course of events by turning to the concluding chapter before they have waded through half the copious stream of verbiage which meanders through the tale. But if the narrative had been condensed, and the conversations docked of half their dimensions, the story of Lisa's joys and sorrows might have rivetted attention, and insured sympathy. Her character is drawn with considerable power and feeling, and the inanities with which she is contrasted serve to good purpose in setting off its charms. But the chief merit of the work is the portrait of Mrs. Tennent, who is excellently depicted, and sketched, no doubt, from the life.

There are few who have not at some period of their lives writhed under the tortures which such a woman has the power of inflicting, and they will recognise the fidelity with which her lineaments have been portrayed. The rugged austerity which no prosperity mollifies and no adversity can render sympathetic—the self-satisfied obstinacy which adheres to its prejudices as if they were religious dogmas—the cruelty which disguises itself in the garb of discipline, and the selfishness which issues its commands in the name of duty—these and other amiable features in the character of Mrs. Tennent are skilfully and elaborately delineated. The picture is not a caricature; her defects are not exaggerated into vices, nor is she represented as devoid of all worth, for due credit is given to her for the petty good she does, and for the excellence of the intentions with which she makes her immediate neighbourhood as disagreeable as possible. Such a character is by no means easy to draw, and the author of "Atherstone Priory" deserves great praise for having produced so good a likeness. The other persons who figure in the work are, for the most part, mere lay figures clothed in conventional costumes. Major Tennent is interesting during the period of his courtship, but he relapses after it into his original insipidity. The tone of the book, it is only just to state, is excellent throughout, and its pages are eminently qualified to give a harmless pleasure to readers who are debarred from entering upon the more exciting fields of romance.

A CORNER OF KENT.*

WE are glad to welcome Mr. Planché in the somewhat new character of a topographer. As an accomplished antiquary, and more particularly as an authority on mediæval dress and costume, he is *nulli secundus*; yet until now we were not aware that he had ever quitted those fields for the highways of topography, and claimed a place beside the Lysons, Brittons, and Hasteds of a bygone generation. But we must frankly own that the work before us is no small addition to the county history of Kent; and we desire to draw attention to it, as a proof of the immense amount

of information which a single individual may contribute towards that which is—and for many years is likely to continue to be—a desideratum: viz., a complete history of the parochial divisions of our land from the earliest date down to the present time, placing on permanent record, in printer's ink, a *résumé* of those genealogical and historical facts which at present lie entombed in our manor-rolls, parish registers, and the old heralds' visitations, or stand engraved on the frail and perishable stone and marble of mural monuments. With Mr. Planché this work has clearly been a labour of love. He lets us into the secret of his predilection for the parish of Ash, when he tells us in his preface that the wife of the present incumbent is his daughter; and we cannot well conceive a more pleasant and grateful task for a father-in-law than the compilation of such a work as this in illustration of the bygone history of his son-in-law's living. We observe that all the incumbents of Ash, to the number of six, from 1817 downwards—nearly half a century—are still alive, including such distinguished men as the learned Mr. Charles Forster, the Chaplain-General of the Forces, and the ex-Bishop of Tasmania; and it is our hope that the fact may be taken as a proof of the salubrity of the place, and that the present incumbent may live long to enjoy his pleasant benefice.

The parish of Ash is very extensive, and includes within its limits that most interesting of all our Roman remains, the Castle of Richborough. To say nothing of a very large part of the walls of the Roman *Castrum* being still preserved, and even the *Porta Decumana* so frequently mentioned by Cæsar, it is no small thing for a retired country parish to be able to boast that it has been trodden by the feet of some half-dozen Roman Emperors at the head of their legions, including, in all probability, both Julius Cæsar, Vespasian, and Constantine the Great; by the more holy feet of St. Augustine, who is firmly believed to have landed here, and to have planted the Christian cross within the Castle walls, when he first met the Pagan king whose wife became the Christian Bertha; by Richard Cœur de Lion, when he passed through it on foot to Canterbury; and by Edward the Black Prince, when he conducted the King of France as a captive to London.

A parish with such antecedents deserved an accomplished and learned historiographer, and it has found both in Mr. Planché, who, when he first undertook the task, seems to have contemplated the production of a little guide-book, or a pamphlet at the most, but in whose hands the tiny bantling has grown in three years into the dimensions of an 8vo. volume, of nearly 450 pages. Mr. Planché shows that, as Reculver was the old *Regulbium*, so Richborough was the *Portus Rutupensis* of the Roman historians; and he carries us back to the days when the depths of the Rutupian coast were dredged for oysters for the Roman market, as mentioned by Juvenal in his Satires. He thus disposes of the rival claim to the term which has been put forward on behalf of Sandwich—a town which does not seem to have become a *Portus* until, by gradual deposits of mud and sand, which cut off the Isle of Thanet from the mainland, the estuary was reduced to the river Stour, and the sea fairly receded from Richborough, leaving it high and dry. We learn for the first time, and with much regret, that the recently-discovered remains of a Roman amphitheatre in the parish, not far from the Castle, have been covered up again in deference to "agricultural interests;" and, in spite of our keen sense of the practical and monetary value of every acre of land to our nation of farmers and shopkeepers, we cannot but sympathize with Mr. Planché when he remarks that "such a circumstance could not have occurred in either France or Germany. The two or three acres would have been purchased by Government, and the amphitheatre, like that of Trèves, would have been carefully preserved for the public."

Mr. Planché shows undoubtedly very strong grounds for believing that there was a time when Richborough could put in a claim for itself, in point of population and importance, to be reckoned in the same category with Londinium and Durovernum (Canterbury); and, if it was not a walled town, it must be remembered that the sea itself, studded with Roman triremes, and the strong castle which frowned down upon it from the heights above, must have been sufficient protection for its inhabitants.

As we do not pretend to devote these columns to genealogical inquiries or their results, we will content ourselves with saying that by far the larger half of the volume before us is genealogical rather than topographical, and that Mr. Planché, by his researches among the parish records and the tombs in the parish church, seems to have thrown considerable light on the early history, pedigree, connections, and estates of several very important families who were connected with Ash by the tenure of manors and the lands within its limits, including the Norman houses of De Arches or De Arcis, D'Avranche, Crevecoeur, and De Vere, and many others who bore less pretentious names, down to the Godfreys and Sollys of the present day. We can only add that he has traced down to their present possessors—in many cases by a most laborious process—the descent of each of the twelve manors which the parish comprises, and that he has been largely aided in establishing these points in succession by his vast practical acquaintance with heraldry and costume.

If the parochial clergy were to occupy their leisure hours by compiling such records of the history of their respective parishes, a fund of genealogical and historical information of the most trustworthy character would be collected, the importance of which, both now and hereafter, it is scarcely possible to overrate, as likely to throw much light on disputed successions to properties. Who knows, for example, whether, if a similar work on the parishes of

* A Corner of Kent; or, Some Account of the Parish of Ash-next-Sandwich, its Historic Sites and Existing Antiquities. By J. R. Planché, Rouge Croix Pursuivant. London: R. Hardwicke.

Warwickshire and Staffordshire had been compiled a century ago, the issue of the "great Shrewsbury case" might not have been very different from that at which the House of Lords arrived, very probably quite rightly, when due allowance is made for the confessedly imperfect nature of the evidence then brought forward?

THE MS. "SPECTATORS."*

WE alluded last week in our "Literary Gossip" to the *Spectator* essays by Addison which have just been privately printed at Glasgow from an old MS. note-book; and we now proceed to give our readers a more particular account of the discovery. The Editor, as we have already mentioned, says that he purchased "the old calf-bound octavo volume which contains the MS." from a London dealer in 1858. Without wishing to cast any reflections on the good faith of the gentleman who prints these essays in their original form, we must, nevertheless, remark that it would have been more satisfactory had a fuller explanation been rendered of the way in which the papers have turned up. Who was the London dealer who sold the treasure? Did he know the nature of what he was parting with? and, if so, how was it that he did not give the world the benefit of so curious an illustration of our classic English literature? Will he come forward (if still living) and tell us what he knows? Why, moreover, has the present possessor been six years making up his mind to print the contents of the old volume? We do not for one moment wish to imply that these queries cannot be satisfactorily answered; but in matters of this kind the critical public has a right to know everything before yielding implicit faith to the general statement. The fragments in question are parts of different numbers of the printed *Spectator*, which we here, as it were, see passing through the crucible of the author's mind, as, with that delicacy of taste for which he was remarkable, he altered and refined his first expressions. The MS. book consists of about thirty-one pages, written on one side only, in a fine plain hand, not Addison's, but corrected by the essayist himself. The present Editor thinks that the MS., as at first written, contained the essays in their original state, and that the corrections on the blank pages interleaved with the others are Addison's after-thoughts and emendations. Lamb said, on looking at the MS. of "Comus," at Trinity College, Cambridge, that it was painful to see a great work, which he had always been accustomed to regard as produced by a species of inspiration, growing up by the tedious process of laborious elaboration. The feeling was very natural; yet there is something interesting in thus being enabled to sit beside a great master at his work, to see the gradual unfolding of his ideas, and to be admitted to his private reasons why he did this and omitted to do that, and how, after reflection and examination, he thought he could render some expression more exact, some illustration more complete, some turn of words more elegant, or some cadence more harmonious. In the case of the very highest authors, such as Shakespeare and Milton, we are inclined to agree with Lamb; for one likes to think of their writings as great organic creations, coming forth perfect in all their parts after the long previous gestation of thought. But this is not the case with a writer like Addison, who, admirable though he was, stands on a much humbler level than those intellectual giants. And the beauty of Addison's style consists more especially in its fine, picked, critical nicety; so that to be able to examine it in the course of construction is at once interesting and instructive—as good as a lesson in composition, and far better than some such lessons.

The Editor of the pamphlet before us says that he has contrived to make his printed pages reflect those of the MS. A slightly-widened margin marks the passages added in the author's hand, and the words, "Margin, Plate III." (referring to one of the *fac-similes*), indicate where an addition has been made in the handwriting of the text. "Italics represent interlineations and corrections, and italics within brackets are restorations of deleted words. In several instances where intricacy made it desirable, passages are printed exactly as written." But there is also a *third* handwriting in the MS., which is here shown by the use of small capitals. A *fac-simile* is given in Plate II., where the passage so written consists of an English translation of Horace's ode to Lydia. The writing is more flowing, and in some respects more modern, than the bulk of the MS. The Editor says he has made every endeavour to discover the writer, but without success. He has submitted the *fac-simile* plate to the keeper of the MS. department of the British Museum, and to the librarian of the Bodleian; but both these gentlemen have failed to identify the penmanship. "Should any one," it is added, "into whose hands this little book may come, meet with better success, the information will be very thankfully received, either directly, or through the medium of *Notes and Queries*."

That the reader may see the processes through which Addison made his writings pass before they attained their final form, we quote a few brief paragraphs, which may be advantageously compared with the same as they appear in the printed work. They will be found in Nos. 412 and 413, where the essayist is writing of Imagination:—

"There is not indeed any [*thing of*] Real beauty or deformity more in one piece of Matter y^e another; because we might have been so made, y^e whatever appears loathsome to us might have shown itself

lovely, & so on y^e contrary: but we find experimentally, there are several modifications of Matter, which y^e mind without any previous consideration pronounces at first sight beautifull or deform'd.

"Thus we see ev'ry different species of sensible creatures has its different notions of Beauty, and that each of 'em is most charm'd with y^e Beantys of its own kind: [whether it proceed from y^e principle of Self-Love y^e makes us fancy every thing most that is likest ourselves or from a wise design in providence to continue in the world its several distinct Setts of Animals, for 'tis observable y^e wherever Nature is crost in y^e production of a Monster (y^e Result of any unnatural mixture) of y^e Breed is incapable of propagating its likeness & [establishing it self into] founding a [*Species*] new Order of Creatures.] This no where more remarkable y^e in Birds of y^e Same shape and proportⁿ where we often see y^e male determin'd in his courtship by y^e single grain or tincture of a Feather and never discovering any charms but in the Colour of its own species.

"Among [*all*] these [*different*] several kinds of beauty, y^e Eye takes most delight in y^e of colours [*and therefore*] for that reason we find y^e Poets, who are alwaies [*applying*] addressing themselves to the Imagination, borrow more of their Epithets from y^e Topick than from any other; [*hence like wise it is y^e*] [we no where meet with a more glorious or charming [*sight*] show in Nature, y^e that appears sometimes in y^e heavens at y^e Setting of y^e Sun; which is wholly made up of colours or those different stains of light, y^e show themselves in clouds of a different situation.]"

The Editor says he believes that the Latin verses at page 4, whose authorship has been doubted, "may now safely be ascribed to Mr. Addison." These are the verses commencing "Scit Generi servare fidem," &c. (*Spectator*, No. 412.) They appear in the MS. note-book in the handwriting of Addison, and show at various places alterations which seem to indicate that they were not copied from any author.

The *fac-similes*, which include specimens of Addison's writing, and of the two other hands, certainly bear every external appearance of genuineness. The book has been carefully printed by Messrs. Bell & Bain, of Glasgow, in imitation old type and paper, which are here very appropriate; and, with a more exact account of the history of the note-book, there can be no doubt that this publication would be regarded with no small interest by all who are curious in standard English letters.

HISTORY OF NAMES.*

THE relative importance of names and persons is one of those much-contested questions in which Sir Roger de Coverley's decision, that "much may be said on both sides," is the safest course. Those who maintain that the person ennobles or disgraces the name may cite Cicero and Bunyan; those who are of the converse opinion find a constant confirmation in the *Times*' advertisements headed "Change of Name." An author who writes a "History of Names" naturally favours the latter idea, which M. Salverte puts rather strongly when he adopts as one of his mottoes "Notre nom propre c'est nous mêmes." In the discussion of names of persons, this view may lead to injustice, but scarcely to gross error. The theorist who is for names not persons, unconsciously gives an undue prominence to the bearers of fine names, but does not select the distinguished bearers of mean names, and deny their greatness. When, however, the theory is carried further, and other than names of persons are examined, on the supposition that etymology of the simplest sort is a kind of master-key to half the temple of knowledge, unfairness is necessarily replaced by positive error. More false systems of mythology, history, and philology have been based on this than on any other method; and for this reason, that it is equally applicable to each of these sciences, whereas other false methods have but a single application. The secret of the former popularity of this method is, however, not so much its delusive wideness of range as the rough-and-ready manner in which the mere investigation of names seems to take the fortress by storm, and spare the tedious labour of regular approaches. For this superficial kind of etymology does not involve a thorough study of grammar, nor the next step after the grammars of any two languages have been mastered—the attempt to compare them philosophically, not in words only, but also and principally in structure. And in general the etymological school are neglectful even of the composition, and still more of the phonetic characteristics, of the words which they compare. No less a scholar than Dr. Young advanced the opinion that the identity of a few words—if we remember rightly, of three—was enough to render the relationship of two languages almost certain. On such a theory as this, ancient Egyptian might be made to fraternize with English or Cherokee, or any other language of which a small vocabulary is known to us.

M. Salverte's first volume, which we noticed when it appeared in an English translation, two years ago, treated of names of persons, and there, as may be supposed, the faults of the method to which we take exception were less apparent than in the present volume, in which the subjects of names of deities, nations, and places are discussed. The extreme importance the author attaches to names leads him at once to a strange generalization. He asserts that there never was such a system as polytheism, and that the heathen

* Some Portions of Essays contributed to the *Spectator* by Mr. Joseph Addison. Now first printed from his MS. Note Book. I. Of Imagination. II. Of Jealousie. III. Of Fame. Done at Glasgow, 1864.

* History of the Names of Men, Nations, and Places, in their Connection with the Progress of Civilization. From the French of Eusebius Salverte. Translated by the Rev. L. H. Mordacque. Vol. II. London: J. R. Smith.

gods are but so many names for one divinity. It is easy to see how this idea arose from the theory that names are things. We do not mean that M. Salverte claims an individuality for names, but that, having done so in words, after the French fashion, a certain number of times, he bewilders himself into believing it. Having thus sunk the importance of things in that of names, he has only to show that different names denote the same divinities in order to take the final step, that all names denote one divinity—that the distinctions of Pantheons are merely nominal. But this generalization perishes at the touch of the first fact that is brought against it. It is enough to say that probably the idea of one God was not known to even one heathen system before philosophy taught it. But, however dangerous it may be to theorize on an idea, the writer is correct in saying that identity of name is the best means of tracing mythology from one country to another, although we should differ from him as to what constitutes identity.

In discussing the names of places and nations, the author is on not less difficult ground—ground abounding in pitfalls, in which those who have attempted a short cut have found their destruction. It is impossible to explain the facility with which an inquirer is lured on when once he thinks he is in the true way to the object of his search. The derivation of a name affords a seeming clue to the origin of a nation, and marvellously explains every difficulty until the theorist cannot imagine that it has no sound basis whatever. We can only hope to arrive at truth in this branch of the inquiry by the results of a series of monographs, each treating of a distinct branch of the subject. It is impossible to lay down one rule for all national names, and require nothing but a knowledge of their significations. The Iranian, the Semitic, and the Turanian family,—if, indeed, the last be a family,—each has at least one peculiar and characteristic method of naming nations. The Shemite clings to ancestry, the Iranian to locality, the Turanian apparently to the simplest physical characteristic, to modes of dwelling, or qualities of mind. Imagine a Pictet writing upon a comparison of the names of the Iranian nations. He would be utterly unable to extend his inquiry to the Shemites without reconstructing the plan, and making each chapter a combination of two different and occasionally repugnant matters.

Thus, amidst a variety of curious subjects, the further the author advances from the simple consideration of proper names of man, the less satisfactory is his method. Yet there is an abundance of curious facts and out-of-the-way references which will make the work of interest to those who prosecute the like inquiries. We must, however, remark that it would have been well had the translator seen his way to throwing overboard M. Salverte's defence of the now-forgotten forgeries of Annius of Viterbo. It was, perhaps, excusable, in the early part of this century, to feel some doubt that these productions were wholly spurious; but recent discoveries, and the progress that has been made in the study of Semitic literature, have settled the question for ever against the ingenious Italian.

NEW NOVELS.*

"RINGTON PRIORY" is a story which, without excitement or extraordinary incident, possesses, nevertheless, considerable interest, and exercises some degree of attractive force. From first to last, the work is occupied with studies or sketches of character. We have no elaborate descriptions of natural scenery; no tedious lectures on the part of the author with regard to the motives or objects of the actors in this domestic drama. The several personages introduced act their own story, and justify thereby their position in the narrative. On minor accessories but little time or space is wasted. The narrative is naturally and fluently related, and the interaction of a variety of characters necessary to generate interest, suspense, and speculation in the mind of the reader, is sufficient, without lapsing into confusion. The social scenery depicted lies entirely within the horizon of ordinary life, and, if we are in consequence less liable to the infliction of startling effects, the author and reader are undoubtedly more at home together, and more in each other's general confidence. The story may be briefly described as a narrative of the love affairs of two brothers with two sisters. Dr. B., allured by the prospects of a wealthier alliance, in an evil hour—that is, at the eleventh hour—breaks off his engagement with Lucy Stanforth, thereby causing her and all her family much suffering, mental and physical. Adelaide Stanforth, in consequence, refuses the suit of the Rev. Arthur B., she being actuated by reflection on his brother's fickleness, selfishness, and worldly-mindedness.

The subsequent career, happy or unhappy, of each member of this quartette, their dealings with each other, and their ulterior combinations and separations, effected, as is but natural in such cases, by parental, fraternal, friendly, hostile, and general influences, death, slander, false friends, misapprehension of character, &c., form the problem of the work; for the agreeable and equitable solution of which the reader may, to his own satisfaction, consult the volumes in question at his leisure. The moral of the story is addressed to those who, in the words of the writer, "think happiness the end of life, a necessity of existence, and not an adjunct of duty honestly

pursued;" and the bearings of this question are skilfully pointed out and usefully applied in the pages of the above narrative.

In "Breakers Ahead," a work by no means of a nautical nature, we have a slight but smartly-written story, adapted to amuse the gay and volatile public assembled at our seaside watering-places and similar scenes of fashionable resort. The work presents us with a medley of the more prominent varieties of social life, both personal, political, and domestic. The splendid hospitalities of dukes and earls (offered generally with a purpose), country elections, club intrigues, Ministerial combinations, aristocratic balls, water-parties, the art of matchmaking as exercised in the most polite circles, the mysteries of lansquenets, and the delights of fox-hunting—not a little of the conversation of the noble lords and ladies recorded in these volumes relating to the last-mentioned pursuit—constitute the more salient topics discussed in these volumes. The hero is a melancholy youth, who has the misfortune to succeed, within a short period, to only two peerages, and the estates therewith connected, and who, though temporarily in difficulties, for lack, it would seem, of the requisite energy to acquaint his adorable Edith with his miserable prospects—to say nothing of his being now and then a member of Parliament, of the —shire Hunt, and, possibly, of the Cabinet—allows her to marry a rival, and to render himself as wretched as a young man, handsome, popular, influential, well-born, and only addicted to moderate dissipation, can be expected to be. How this unhappy wretch, finally reduced to the condition of a millionaire, is eventually consoled by the fair Edith, and how, in the midst of a brilliant circle of friends, and surrounded by a prosperous and contented tenantry and a grateful country, they contrive to drag out their forlorn existence, will here be found vivaciously recorded, for the benefit of all whom it may concern.

Mr. John Bradford has drawn an interesting picture of country life, in which we are introduced to the Whatmough and Lee families, and their immediate neighbours. Roger Whatmough is a gentleman of the good old school, who on his death-bed entreats his children "to keep the commandments of God, be united, and love one another;" but he has not been buried more than an hour or so before they proceed to disregard the injunction. Everyone invited to the funeral is astonished when Roger Whatmough's will is read. It leaves all the property to John, the eldest son, with the exception of a paltry legacy to Pierce and Mary, the other children. The brothers quarrel, and Mary sides with Pierce. Mary is engaged to be married to George Lee, the rector's son; and Pierce is tenderly attached to George's sister, the charming Alice. But the scene soon changes, and the reader is hurried through events which savour strongly of the transpontine drama. Pierce takes to gambling and drinking, and, after a little while, is beggared; he then leaves the country for Australia, where we lose sight of him for five years. Mary opens a little shop, which is burnt down, and she passes through many phases of fortune (including a trial and acquittal for a robbery she had not committed), until we find her making a reputation, under an assumed name, as an actress. Alice, after losing her lover and her father, settles down as a governess. During the whole of this time, things have been prospering with John Whatmough. He marries a wealthy widow, who, possessing an ardent attachment for brandy, drinks herself into *delirium tremens*, and jumps out of the window, killing herself on the spot. Mr. Shaw, a lawyer and an intimate friend of John, is mysteriously murdered, and John is relieved of his bodily presence. But this is only exchanged for companions far more disagreeable, as the spectres of Mrs. Whatmough and Shaw haunt John till they drive him to despair and a violent death. Before he dies, Pierce returns home—after escaping a shipwreck, in which he rescues an heir, who is an old friend's son—just in time to receive his brother's confession. The will was forged; the property is sold, and, after a short trip to Australia, to establish the young heir's claims, Pierce settles in the south of England with his happy wife, Alice, and his affectionate sister Mary. The latter young lady receives more than one offer of marriage, but remains true to the memory of George Lee, who, we forgot to mention, is killed by a fall from his horse, while riding for a doctor for Mary, whom he had saved from drowning. This rapid sketch will give our readers a notion of the somewhat melodramatic character of the incidents. The story is told in a very bald and unsatisfactory manner, which makes it tedious reading, notwithstanding its highly-coloured incidents. Some of the situations, however, would tell well in a drama of the general character of those written "expressly for the provinces."

SHORT NOTICES.

Christian Comfort. By the Author of "Emblems of Jesus" (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo).—The author of the little volume before us says that the papers which he here puts forth "are intended to illustrate some of those gracious declarations of God's holy Word which are fitted to comfort and encourage the Christian pilgrim in his journey Zionward." The discourses amount to eighteen in number, and are on such subjects as "Hope," "Christ's Friendship," "Walking with God," "Passing over Jordan," &c. Our readers may judge the character of the work from these sub-titles; and, indeed, it would be difficult to enter into a critical examination of the volume without seeing to do injustice to the good intentions of the writer. In his preface, the author says he hopes that the thoughts he has ventured to suggest will administer to the minds of others the same consolation which they have already rendered to himself in seasons of perplexity and sorrow. We hope so likewise; but the style in which the thoughts are uttered is that of a fifth-rate Methodist clergyman, and the

* Rington Priory: a Tale. By Ethel Hone, author of "Prison Narratives." Three vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

Breakers Ahead! By Ralph Vyvyan. Two vols. London: Bentley.

Roger Whatmough's Will: a Novel. By John Bradford. Two vols. London: T. C. Newby.

thoughts themselves are those of the Bible, largely diluted. With all respect for the motives of such writers, we fail to see the value of these works. They simply state weakly what the Bible states strongly. Those who are accustomed to go to the Bible for their daily guidance and support already know everything that the author of "Christian Comfort" can tell them; and those who repudiate the authority of Moses and of Christ will not be likely to accept that which comes to them from the somewhat voluble presses of Mr. Nimmo.

Calvin's Teaching for the Present Day: an Address delivered at Geneva on the 27th of May, 1864, the Tercentenary of Calvin's Death. By the Rev. J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. (Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday).—The eloquent author of the "History of the Reformation" gives in this address an interesting and impressive summary of the life and teaching of Calvin. We need scarcely say that the Genevan reformer is with Dr. D'Aubigné an object of intense veneration; yet he does not idolize him. He bids us remember that nothing was so distasteful to Calvin himself as this, against which he specially protested. We are exhorted not to forget that, great as he was, and faithful in the service of God, he was yet a man; and the speaker even points out some specific points in which he thinks Calvin mistaken, and not sufficiently in advance of his age. "Yet," says Dr. D'Aubigné, "if we abstain from idle eulogy, if we refuse to canonize John Calvin, must we then be silent? Must we not give to every man his due? If this very year the Tercentenaries of Galileo and of Shakespeare have been celebrated with so much solemnity, doubtless, without any idea of making saints of them (and strange saints indeed they would be), I do not know why we should not modestly call to mind that great teacher of the Scriptures of God, who has undeniably exercised upon the destinies of Christianity and on the civilization of the world a very different influence from that of the greatest poets or the most illustrious men of science." He then goes on to discourse more at large concerning the leading doctrines which Calvin laboured to establish, and contrasts his teaching with that of the latitudinarian and free-thinking writers of the present day. The address is very strikingly worded, but is sometimes, we think, a little too declamatory. However, it will engage the attention of all who pay regard to the religious manifestations of the times.

Primeval Man: the Origin, Declension, and Restoration of the Race. Spiritual Revelings (Burns).—The writer of this wild book declares that she is not the writer of it. She does not, indeed, state the case in quite so Hibernian a fashion; but, while calling herself the writer, she gives us to understand that the word is only to be taken in the sense of a scribe or amanuensis, the real author being a spirit unknown to her, who from time to time dictated the substance of the work, and even the very words in which the thoughts are expressed. She has only to sit down with pen, ink, and paper, to keep the pen upright, and to resign herself with implicit faith to the influences which are working upon her. Words and sentences then flow rapidly forth without her having the smallest idea what they will be ere she sees them in black-and-white before her eyes. At one time, she says, the gift ceased for three years; until, on a certain day, having tried, for curiosity's sake, if the power still existed, the writing was resumed, and gradually developed into the present treatise on "Primeval Man." All she had to do in preparing the work for the press was to remove those portions which "related merely to her own individual states and private communion," and to place the rest in order. The book is a strange rhapsody about God and Nature, interior Nature and exterior Nature, masculine and feminine, germ-souls, and we know not what. The authoress, who is not the authoress, says that she cannot "restrain the flow of words;" and we believe her, for verbosity and repetition are marked features of her production. She also says that "she has invariably read her manuscript in much astonishment;" and possibly some of those who read the printed volume may feel equal astonishment, though of a different kind. The dictating spirit, like most of those who communicate through "mediums," has a habit of being enigmatical whenever he is not uttering truisms; and his grammar is not always of the best. The general style of the book is that of the old mystics; and those who are fond of this kind of writing may here find it to the extent of 250 pages.

A Series of Metric Tables, in which the British Standard Measures and Weights are compared with those of the Metric System at present in use on the Continent. By Charles Hutton Dowling, Civil Engineer (Lockwood & Co.).—Mr. Dowling very justly observes that, as the metric system of weights and measures has now been adopted by most of the continental nations and their colonies, and as, owing to various treaties of commerce with those countries, we are rapidly increasing our intercourse with them, a series of tables for facilitating the ready conversion of their weights and measures into those of our standard, and vice-versâ, is greatly required. The want appears to be well supplied in the present volume. The tables include all British legal denominations of measure and weight; the data have been deduced "from the primitive equivalents determined by the Commissioners appointed by the State to conduct experiments for the purpose;" and "the fractions of the lowest denominations given are decimal, and carried to three places, or thousandths, as deemed sufficient for all practical purposes." The author acknowledges his obligations to the Astronomer Royal, and to Mr. James Yates, F.R.S., Vice-President of the International Decimal Association, who have both contributed towards the completeness and correctness of the work—a fact which tends greatly to enhance its value. The tables are preceded by an account of the British Imperial Standard and of the Metric System; and the whole is printed with remarkable clearness on thick and serviceable paper.

Vacation Rambles on the Continent, told so as to be a Complete Guide to the Most Interesting Places in Switzerland, Belgium, and on the Rhine. By Olim Juvénis (Elliot Stock).—The papers forming this little two-shilling volume were originally published in the *Cheltenham Chronicle*, and are now reprinted, at "the request of many friends," in a more convenient form. The writer seems to have the art of

travelling at the lowest expense consistent with comfort and cigars; and one of his main objects in relating his experiences is to enable others to enjoy the same pleasures on equally moderate terms. He affirms that, taking London as the starting-point, two months may be spent on the Continent more cheaply than the same period at an English watering-place. He "once, with two companions, spent fifteen days, out and home, in Belgium and Germany (Wiesbaden being our *ultima thule*), for £11 a head." He is full of devices for saving expense, and his book will doubtless be found useful as a guide by tourists who wish to take their relaxation economically. But we cannot say much for his literary style, which is of the true provincial newspaper order—loaded with heavy pleasantries, and oppressed by laborious flippancy.

Select Anecdotes, from Various Sources. By J. S. Laurie (Murby).—Mr. Laurie's designs in putting forth this collection of witty and humorous stories are perhaps a little too ambitious. He says that, besides entertainment, he has in view a "didactic object." He wishes his collection to be used as a help to the teaching of English composition; and to this end "it is recommended that a story should be read over several times, once or twice aloud in a clear and distinct tone, and that then the book should be closed, and the story either spoken or written in the same or different words." We do not think the work is very likely to be used in this manner; but it is an entertaining assortment of anecdotes, and on that ground may meet with many readers.

The Art Journal this month is extremely rich in illustrations. Of steel plates we have—C. Landseer's "Temptation of Andrew Marvell;" Turner's "Approach to Venice;" and "A Spanish Boy," after Murillo. Two large woodcuts printed on thick paper introduce us to two beautiful designs by Gustave Doré—"The Haunt of the Deer," a bit of shadowy mid-forest, characterized by the artist's strange power over the weird, fantastic, and goblin-like; and "Buffalo Herds," a view of a desolate, swampy prairie, stretching out under a lowering sky and fierce uprising sun, the gigantic creatures standing darkly about in the flat, glimmering waters, like ghosts. Both these engravings are executed by countrymen of the artist, and are very striking works. They are from Chateaubriand's "Atala." Then we have three woodcuts from pictures by Mr. William James Grant, some beautiful specimens of Wedgwood's art manufactures, and other sketches. The number is very attractive, the literature being as interesting as the engravings.

The Art Student for August has an interesting woodcut, from a photograph, of the ancient cloisters adjoining the Basilica of San Paolo Fuori le Mura, at Rome—a splendid and very curious piece of twelfth century architecture; as well as a variety of articles on the art questions of the day.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE last number of the *Athenæum* contains a letter from Miss Annie Thomas, the authoress of "Denis Donne," complaining of her treatment by her late publishers, Messrs. Maxwell & Co., and certainly throwing a curious light on the prices paid to the writers of a certain class of fiction now so luxuriant in the cheap magazines of the day, and by which, we believe, publishers sometimes contrive to make rather large profits. For "Bertie Bray," originally published in the *St. James's Magazine*, and since reprinted in two volumes by dint of liberal "leading" and very arbitrary breaking up into paragraphs, the lady received £10. For "Sir Victor's Choice," and for another novel now running through one of Mr. Maxwell's serials, the sum of £30 each has been paid. It would appear that £10 a volume are Mr. Maxwell's terms; for "Bertie Bray" was only to have made one volume, and was, it seems, mechanically beaten out into two. Miss Thomas adds that for "Denis Donne," published by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers, she has received ten times the amount of Mr. Maxwell's terms. It is a pity that authors and publishers cannot do without these unseemly wrangles and public statements of their dealings; but it is still less desirable that there should be a class of literary needlewomen, consuming their lives upon such slop-work and starvation wages.

We have to announce the decease of Mr. George Offor, at South Hackney, on the 7th instant. This gentleman was well known for his literary tastes, and his extensive and accurate knowledge of early English "black-letter" literature. In times gone by, Mr. Offor was a bookseller upon Tower Hill, where, by his industry and correct literary judgment, he amassed in a brief period a very considerable fortune. For a long while, Mr. Offor's collection of early-printed English Bibles has been one of the most celebrated in the kingdom, eminent divines of all sects availing themselves of his liberality in allowing them to collate those passages which are so variously rendered in different editions of the Scriptures. Some editions of the New Testament, printed about 1540, are, we believe, quite unique. Only one other private collection in the kingdom can at all compare with that so skilfully brought together by Mr. Offor,—the valuable Biblical library of Mr. Francis Fry, of Bristol. There was another speciality in the late bookseller's library, which was equally important, and perhaps still more valued for its unique character;—we mean the tracts and books given to the world by John Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Offor was a Baptist, and in early life commenced gathering the stray pamphlets and rudely-printed literary efforts of "the Divine Tinker." His collection of these, and of the early and all-but unique editions of Bunyan's masterpiece, was the most remarkable ever formed. Many years ago, this gentleman issued, through the Hanserd Knollys Society, a very extensive "Life of Bunyan," with reprints of some of his less-known pieces. This was shortly followed by the then supposed complete "Works of John Bunyan," in three large volumes. Mr. Offor also edited one of the best of the popular editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress," giving, in an admirably-written Life, many particulars of

the allegorist which were not previously known. In the last edition of "Lowndes' Bibliographers' Manual" the especial thanks of the editor are given to Mr. Offor for his valuable assistance in describing the various early editions of the Bible. One of the last editorial duties undertaken by him was the revision of a new edition of the very curious "Profitable Meditations between Christ and a Sinner," written by Bunyan when in prison at Bedford, to support his wife and family. The original is now in the British Museum, where it may be seen by all who wish. Mr. Offor gloried in the sturdy old Puritans and other Dissenters of the Commonwealth period, and in his own personal appearance strongly reminded one of the religious patriarchs of that time. He was seventy-seven years of age at the time of his decease. His valuable library will, in all probability, be sold by auction during the next season, when an excitement somewhat akin to that shown at the dispersion of the now famous Daniel collection may be expected.

In an old "History of Hertfordshire" we read:—"The town of Ware is situated in a vale on the east side of the river Lea; it contains one fair street in length, with divers other back streets and lanes full of houses, and famous for inns, whereof one is very remarkable for a large bed which is twelve foot square; the strangeness of this unusual size oftentimes invited the curious traveller to view the same." A quaint story is told by the old topographer of a trick which was played upon "six citizens and their wives who came from London to rest in the bed." This curious old piece of furniture is to be sold on the 30th instant, by Messrs. Jackson & Son, auctioneers, Hertford. It is said to be in very good preservation. The posts, representing urns, are of elaborate workmanship, and the back of the bed is also finely carved. On the tester there is carved work of red and white roses, which are believed to represent the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster. The date upon the wood is 1463. Shakespeare's allusion to the bed occurs in "Twelfth Night," Act III., Scene 2. Sir Toby Belch there says:—"So write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss: and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England, set 'em down." It is rumoured that the South Kensington Museum will try to purchase this ancient Shakespearian relic.

Præd's Poems are now announced for publication on the 15th inst. They will be illustrated by a portrait of the author, after an original miniature by Newton.

An innovation, slight in itself, but which in a few years may revolutionize the outward appearance of current literature, has very recently been made in the binding of new books. Three hundred years ago, books were issued from the press in pigskin and calf; a century later, sheepskin was employed; and towards the close of the last century, Dutch paper-boards protected books as they issued from the press. During the past thirty years, cloth has been the favourite material; but this has so increased in price, owing to the American war, that an enterprising firm has conceived the idea of forming a paper substance having all the strength and flexibility of cloth, to take its place on the outside of books. Some specimens of this prepared paper are now before us. This substance appears to receive gilt impressions with the distinctness of morocco, and, as it can be washed with soap and water when dirty, it may be surmised that, hereafter, the phrase "musty literature" will fall into disuse. It is said that its cost will be something like one-half of the present price of embossed cloth.

The author of "The Coming Struggle," who threw people into such trouble and fear some years ago, is about to issue another prophetic bulletin. We are not told the title; but the publishers, Messrs. Houlston & Wright, inform us that "a new work on prophecy, of absorbing interest," will be issued early in October. It is said that 200,000 copies of "The Coming Struggle" were purchased at the period of its issue. Dr. Cumming and Mr. Cobden have both been spoken of as the authors of the pamphlet.

A short time since, we spoke of an intention on the part of the Legislature to bring forward next session a Copyright Bill more carefully compiled than that recently introduced, with such singular ill success, by Mr. Black, of Edinburgh. The monthly *Bookseller* remarks respecting this:—"In the early part of the session it will be remembered that Mr. Black brought in a bill for the consolidation of the law of copyright; a few copies only were printed for select circulation, and it was considered so faulty that the honourable member asked permission to withdraw it. After its withdrawal, he introduced a second bill, which in the technical language of the House is termed 'Copyright (No. 2) Bill.' As this was considered by the House to be simply a consolidation of the old Acts, it passed the early stages, and was referred to a select committee, where the greater portion was claimed by the Solicitor of Customs, Mr. F. J. Hamel, as his work, and some alterations of the existing laws were found to have been introduced without notice: e.g., when large and small paper copies of books are published, it is now compulsory to send a large paper copy to the British Museum, while small paper copies may be sent to the other libraries; but, by the new Act, publishers would be compelled to send large paper copies to all. The committee, therefore, wisely adopted the following report:—"That, considering the difficulty and complication of the inquiry involved in the bill, your committee are not prepared to recommend any amendment or consolidation of the law of copyright without information which, at this advanced period of the session, it is hardly practicable to acquire. Your committee, therefore, recommend that no further attempt be made at present towards legislation on this subject, but that the whole question be referred to a select committee in the ensuing session." We trust, therefore, that when a new bill is presented to the House it will only be after the subject has been maturely considered."

"Cornelius O'Dowd," whose contributions to *Blackwood* have attracted such marked attention, was recently stated to be a *nom de*

plume of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. This is now denied, and the name of Charles Lever is given as the writer.

A gossiping letter from Paris says of the younger Dumas:—"He has taken the miscarriage of his last play deeply to heart; although his father told him, 'Alexandre, it is your best work and worst piece.' He has cancelled his contract with Messrs. Michel Lévy Frères, and refuses to have it printed. They were to give him 1,000 dollars for the first edition. He has declared, in a letter which has appeared in the newspapers, that he will never write another play."

The great house of Smith & Son, the news-agents in the Strand, who are popularly said to derive one farthing per copy for every *Times* issued from Printing-house-square, as their fee for relieving the publisher of the newspaper from the trouble of distribution, have recently opened a large branch establishment in Dublin. They propose to stock the Irish railways after the same fashion as those English lines which are under their control.

Collectors of old cookery books may be interested in knowing that a journal devoted to the culinary art, and called the *Gastrophile*, has recently been started at Angers. The editor is the head cook at the hostelry of the Cheval Blanc in that old town.

A magnificent work is announced in the last issue of the *Journal des Editeurs*, published in Paris. It is no other than a carefully prepared *fac-simile* of the famous "Book of Hours" of Anne of Brittany, one of the most exquisite of all the illuminated manuscripts now existing. The price is to be 1,000f.

Mr. Westwood has just issued a very handsomely-printed analysis of the different editions of Walton's favourite "Complete Angler." It has been printed in small quarto, like a "club" book, and only a few copies have been struck off for collectors and amateurs.

"Horrible Stories" is the title of a small volume announced as "ready," which, we suppose, is intended for cheerful sea-side reading.

"The Museums and Galleries of Spain" is the title of an important "Catalogue détaillé et raisonné" of the paintings, sculptures, and objects of art, to be met with in all the principal galleries of the country, which has recently been published in Paris. It gives particulars of the pictures in the private as well as the public galleries. Almost uniform with it, a similar work upon the Italian Galleries and Museum has been prepared. They are published by Mons. Renouard.

Three medals, of the value of five hundred francs each, will be awarded to the best works, in manuscript, or printed in the course of the years 1863 and 1864, on the "Antiquities of France." Candidates must send their works to the Institute before the 1st of February, 1865.

M. Dufour, a surgeon in the Imperial navy, has published a curious article in the *Archives de Médecine Navale* on the state of the wounded men taken to the hospital at Cherbourg after the engagement between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsage*.

Dentu & Co. have just published the second volume of the "Etudes Historiques" of Count D. Tolstoy, on Roman Catholicism in Russia.

A book will be published, towards the middle of this month, which, it is expected, will produce a great sensation. It is entitled "I Misteri del Chiostro Napoletano" (the Mysteries of the Cloister in Naples), and is written by an ex-nun.

Johannes Scherr has published a political comedy, and a number of critical essays, under the strange title of "Mixed Pickles."

We last week gave some of the announcements of new books put forth by MR. MURRAY. To those may be added "History of the French Revolution, 1789-1795," by Professor Von Sybel, of Munich, translated by Edward Wilberforce; "Ephemera," by Lord Lyttelton; "Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain, from Personal Observation," by George Edward Street, with plans and views, 2 vols.; "An Attempt to Reconstruct the Early History of Mankind, from the Observation of the Phenomena of Civilization and the Development of Science and Art in the Lower Stages," by Edward Burnet Tylor, Author of "Mexico and the Mexicans," with illustrations; three new volumes (7, 8, & 9) of the "Lives of the Judges, to the Reign of Victoria," by Edward Foss, with index; "An Overland Journey from Peking to Petersburg, through the Deserts and Steppes of Bactria, Mongolia, Tartary, and Siberia," by A. Michie, with illustrations; "The Music of the Most Ancient Nations, particularly of the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hebrews," by Carl Engel, with illustrations; a new and condensed edition, with portrait, of the "Memoir of Bishop Blomfield, D.D.," by the Rev. Alfred Blomfield, M.A.; "Physical Geography of the Holy Land," by Edward Robinson, D.D. (a Supplement to Robinson's "Biblical Researches in Palestine"); a "Practical Manual of Modern Warfare for Officers in the Army and Volunteers," by Lieut.-Colonel P. L. Macdougall, author of the "Theory of War;" "Memorials of Service in India," from the Correspondence of the late Major Macpherson, Agent for the Suppression of Human Sacrifices in Orissa, and at the Court of Scindiah during the Mutiny, edited by his brother, William Macpherson, with illustrations; "A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities, comprising the History, Institutions, Archaeology, Geography, and Biography of the Christian Church from the Times of the Apostles to the Age of Charlemagne, by various writers," edited by Dr. William Smith, with illustrations; "Choice Specimens of English Literature, selected from the Chief English Writers," by Thomas B. Shaw, M.A., edited, with additions, by Dr. Wm. Smith; and "Dr. William Smith's Classical and Biblical Atlas of Ancient Geography," a supplement to the "Classical and Biblical Dictionaries," edited by the same author. This book will be published in parts, but each part will be complete in itself.

THE LATE MR. ROMILLY.—We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Joseph Romilly, M.A., one of the senior fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, for more than thirty years registry of the University, and chaplain to the late Archbishop of York. He was a nephew of the celebrated Sir Samuel Romilly, and cousin to the present Master of the Rolls, and graduated at Trinity in 1813, in the high position of fourth wrangler. He died at Yarmouth on Saturday, aged 75.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

All the Year Round. Vol. II. Royal 8vo., 5s. 6d.
 Bidden (J.), Religious Reformation imperatively demanded. 8vo., 5s.
 Birks (Rev. T. R.), Exodus of Israel. New edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Bonar (Rev. A. R.), Poets and Poetry of Scotland. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 — (Dr. H.), God's Way of Holiness. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
 Bouchier (Rev. B.), History of Isaac. Fcap. 5s.
 Boyd (Rev. A.), Intuition or Revelation? Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Bradshaw's Hand Book to France. New edit. 16mo., 5s.
 — Belgium and the Rhine. New edit. 16mo., 5s.
 — Switzerland. New edit. 16mo., 5s.
 Broad Shadows on Life's Pathway. New edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Burton (J. H.), The Cairngorm Mountains. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Charlesworth (M. L.), Ministering Children. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
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